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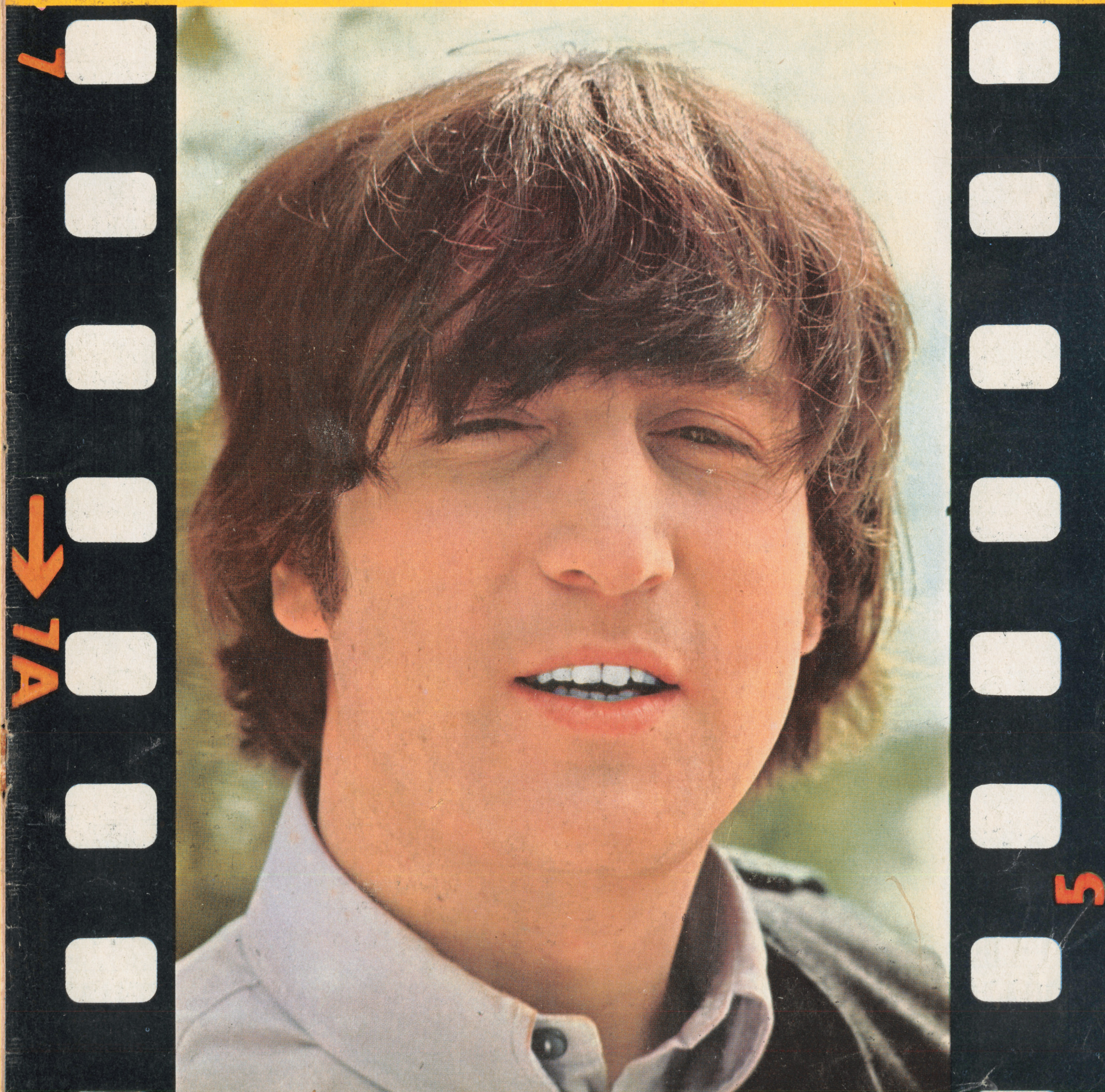

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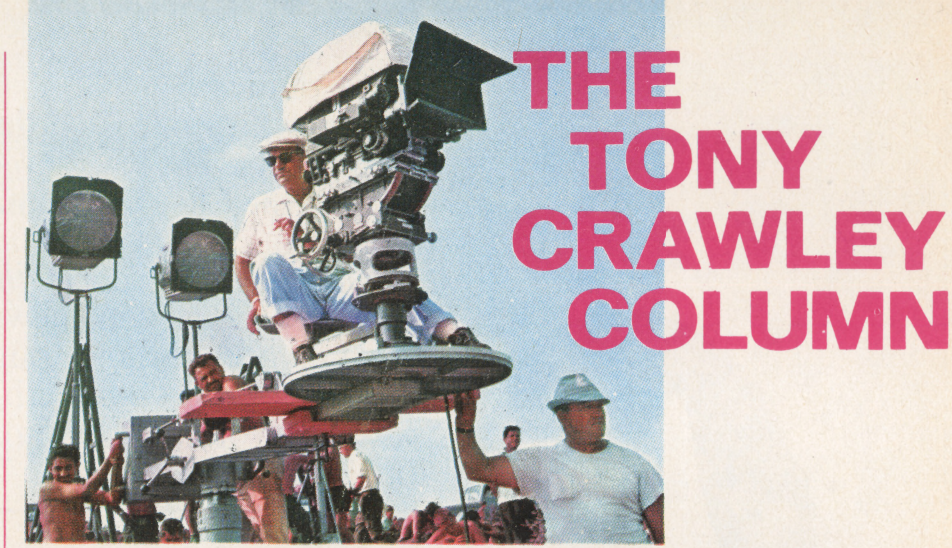


THE TONY CRAWLEY COLUMN

Finney joins the extras

Bachelors all: Albert Finney joins Stefanie Powers and Hugh O'Brian on their Mexican location set. Finney was an extra!

IT has been strongly rumoured that ALBERT FINNEY would make a film in America and, since I mentioned last month that we shared the same barber, everyone has been asking me if Albert has mentioned when he is likely to make his Hollywood debut.

The answer is that Finney *has* made his debut. Not as a star—but as a film extra!

I didn't learn this from Albie himself: the surprising news came from HUGH O'BRIAN. He told me that Finney appears in a brief scene in his new film, *Love Has Many Faces*, which also stars LANA TURNER, CLIFF ROBERTSON and pretty STEFANIE POWERS.

"We're the two great roving bachelors of the world," grinned Hugh when he told me about it. "We had a ball in Acapulco, where the film was made. Albert was passing through while on his holiday around the world, and he joined us on the set one afternoon. We were doing a swimming-pool sequence in which a lovely young girl gets thrown into the water with all her clothes on. Albert enjoyed it so much that he asked if he could take part. Of course, we were delighted. In the end he almost fell in himself!"

While talking to this friendly American it occurred to me that Finney is not the only actor who has been filming just for fun. In fact, Hugh did exactly the same thing when he played a small scene in OTTO PREMINGER'S *In Harm's Way*. He appeared with BARBARA BOUCHET in the torrid opening scene of the film—and what's more he did it for free.

"I could afford to," said Hugh. "The money I got for the TV show, *Wyatt Earp*, is all safely salted away in investments so I am in the fortunate position of being free to choose my roles.

"However, I didn't really do *In Harm's Way* for nothing. It's true no money passed hands, but part of the agreement with Preminger was that the fee I suggested for the tiny part—an arbitrary £3,500—should go to two charities.

"We discussed the part when I met Otto at a Hollywood party organised by SHARE, a charity which looks after mentally-retarded children. Otto said: '*Boy, have you been giving me trouble. I've been trying to find a Hugh O'Brian type for a cameo role in my new film.*'

" '*Why don't you ask me?*' I said. He replied that he didn't think I'd do it because it was too small, but later I read the script and agreed to take it just for fun. Otto was so pleased that he agreed to split the fee between SHARE and The Thalians, a similar charity I helped form a few years ago. He also agreed not to give me any billing: I thought that it would be silly to splash my name about for such a short appearance.

"It was a happy experience allround," added Hugh. "I'm very glad I did it."

JERRY LEWIS was visited by his six sons while making The Family Jewels. *Looking at these jewels of his own, Jerry cracked: "It's getting so bad I'm afraid to walk down a street and slap a kid any more—he might be my own!"*

And who's this? She just happens to be one of the foremost top ten beauties of the international screen. Don't believe me? Well, see her again on page 34. Now, do you agree?

This year's Oscar-winners have already passed down into history. But what of the Patsy winners? Each year a Patsy award is made to the best animal actors in films and on TV. This year's winner was Patrina in Disney's *A Tiger Walks*. Other awards went to screen dogs Storm (*Goodbye Charlie*) and Marquis (*Wild And Wonderful*), and monkeys Chimp (*What A Way To Go!*) and Barney (*Robinson Crusoe On Mars*). Best TV animal? Flipper, of course.

WILLIAM HOLDEN, WHOSE FILMS HAVEN'T BEEN DOING SUCH GOOD BUSINESS LATELY, HAS CLOSED DOWN HIS MOUNT KENYA SAFARI CLUB . . . FOR THE SAME REASON.

ANN-MARGRET is getting into a lot of trouble because she has too many contracts with too many film-companies (six in all!). For instance, earlier this summer, Fox wanted Annie for *Stagecoach* and M.G.M. for *Made In Paris,* both to be made around the same time. Then MARCELLO MASTROIANNI phoned from Italy, asking Annie to join him in an Italian film. The girl didn't know which way to turn!

Change of plans for TONY CURTIS. Instead of making the life-story of Playboy's boss-man HUGH HEFNER, he will play the life of ALY KHAN. Not so very much different, I'd say. Says Tony: "We hope to get NATALIE WOOD to play RITA HAYWORTH . . . and BETTINA to play herself."

TELEVISION'S BEST-KNOWN DOCTORS, **DICK CHAMBERLAIN** AND **VINCE EDWARDS,** ARE GOING TO STAR TOGETHER IN A LUSTY REMAKE OF *BOOM TOWN*.

Once a star, always a star . . . DEBBIE REYNOLDS has been making commercials, "for Europe only", in LUXurious style. She gets paid in six figures, wears her own diamonds in the 60-second, £58,000 productions, is supported by 65 extras, and has Britain's CHARLES FRIEND directing!

Photographer MILTON GREENE, past associate of MARILYN MONROE in her production company, has formed a partnership with SAMMY DAVIS. First of their Joint Venture Productions will be IRVING WALLACE's The Man, *about America's first Negro President. Candidate? SIDNEY POITIER, of course. Who else?*

TAKE IT FROM ME: HONOR BLACKMAN will be working more often in Hollywood after *Life At The Top* . . . CLAUDIA CARDINALE wants to film in Brazil . . . URSULA ANDRESS will continue the *She* story in *Ayesha* . . . MARGARET RUTHERFORD has made her best joke yet: "I don't want to make any more film-comedies."

What a way to fill the ski-resorts! Simply put Hollywood newcomer Jane Wald on a poster, looking like this, and the resorts would be crowded. Kinda chilly, though.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "IF I HAD AS MANY LOVE AFFAIRS AS THE PRESS HAVE GIVEN ME CREDIT FOR, I WOULD NOW BE IN A JAR IN HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL."—*FRANK SINATRA.*

James Bond's write-hand man, scripter RICHARD MAIBAUM, is now penning *The Fugitive Pigeon.* The film is a new Hollywood suspense comedy.

The few people who have seen it are sure that STANLEY KRAMER'S Ship Of Fools *will sweep the board at next year's Oscar ceremony. In fact, some wag has suggested that the German star of the film, OSKAR WERNER, should change his name to Oscar Winner!*

THE PRENT

THE first dramatic lines Paula Ragusa was asked to read came perilously close to being her last. She was standing on the stage at her university's theatre during a drama class when she was struck mute by fright.

"I just couldn't say a word," Paula recalls. "I just couldn't do it."

Furious at her failure, she strode straight from the building into the icy waters of nearby Lake Michigan. There she stood, waist-deep and fully-clothed, raging at herself for 15 freezing minutes, until her fellow students finally managed to coax her back to shore.

Paula Ragusa survived her immersion to become Paula Prentiss, thanks to producer Joe Pasternak, who plucked the new surname from an old film script. And she has spoken with wit and ease many lines since that first failure.

(Continued on page 37)

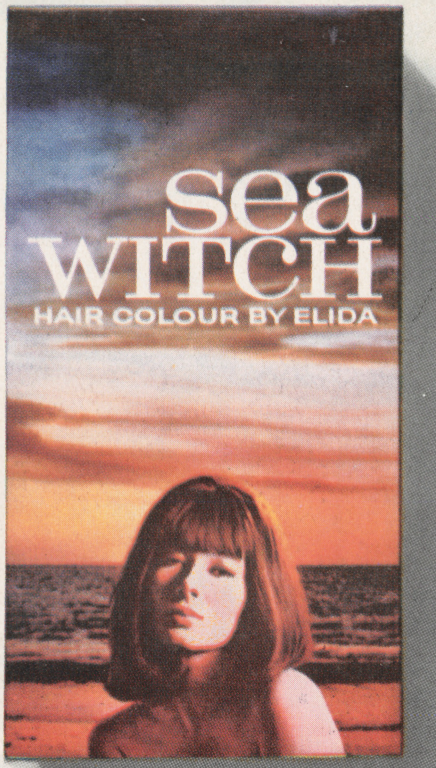
"Certainly my temper is bad —but I love my temper"

Paula—as she appears in her latest comedy, *What's New, Pussycat?* with Peter O'Toole.

ISS GIRL

BY GENE GROVE

Born with a perfect face for the camera, driven by a boundless appetite and a fierce temper, she has emerged as Hollywood's brightest young comedienne . . .



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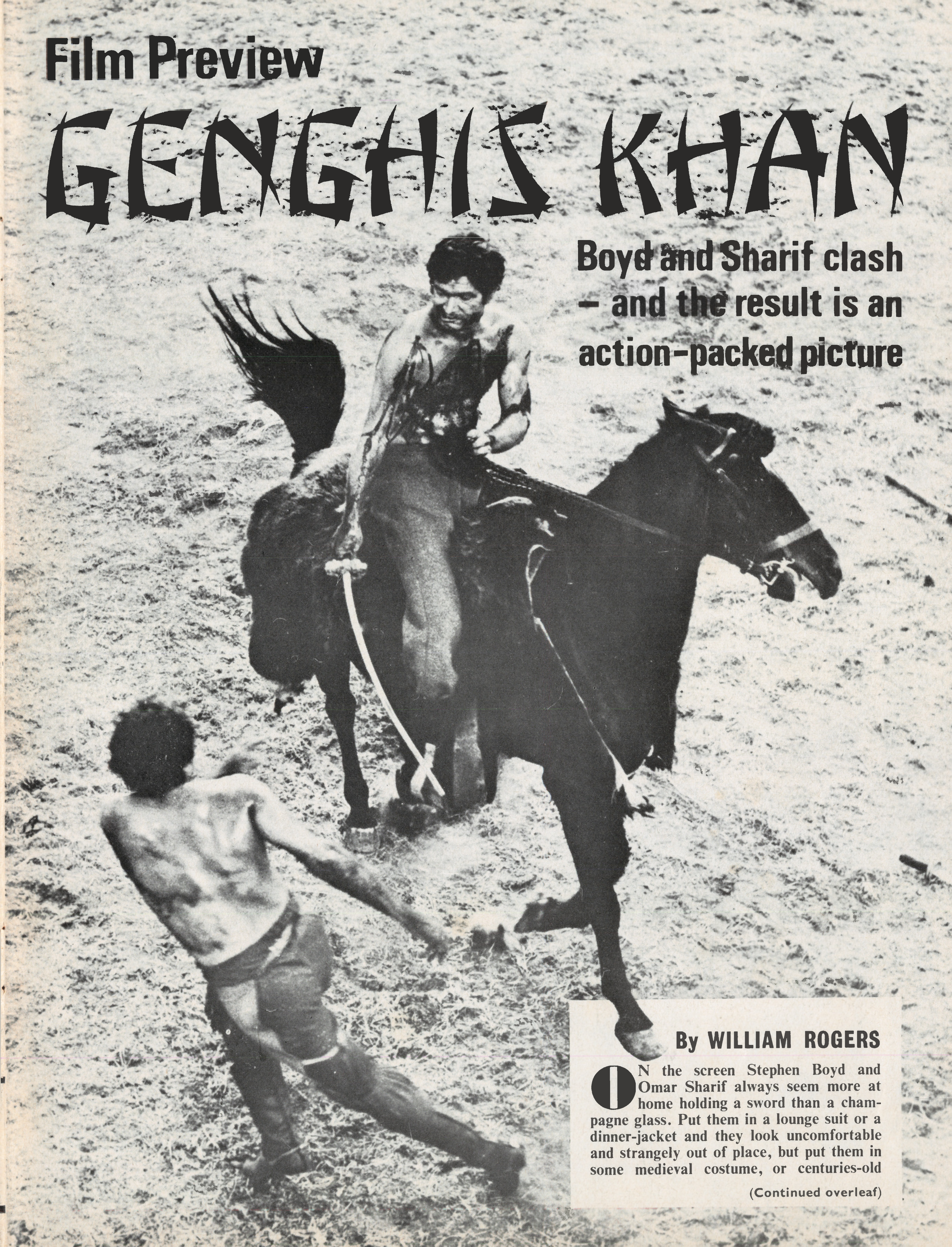
Film Preview

GENGHIS KHAN

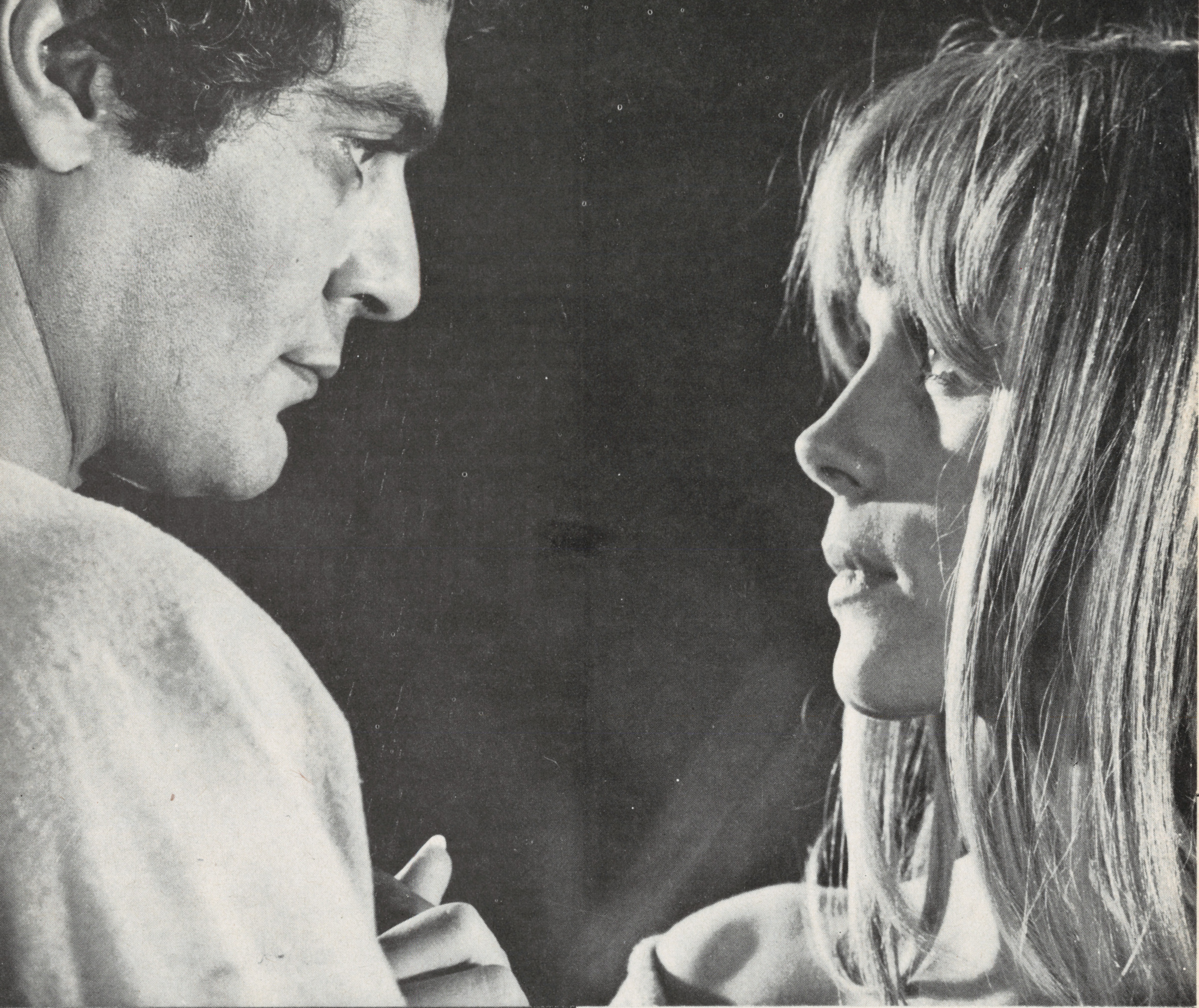
Boyd and Sharif clash – and the result is an action-packed picture

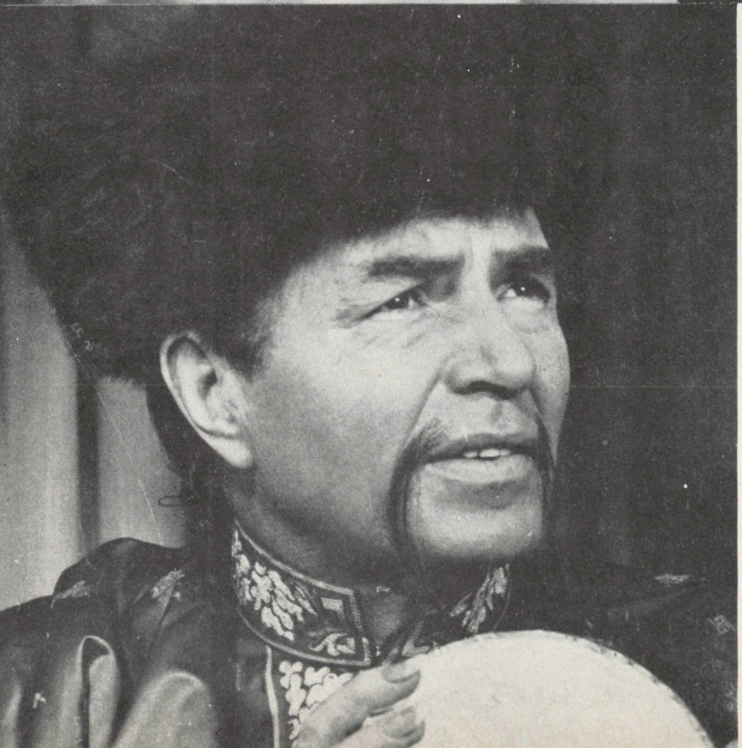


By WILLIAM ROGERS

ON the screen Stephen Boyd and Omar Sharif always seem more at home holding a sword than a champagne glass. Put them in a lounge suit or a dinner-jacket and they look uncomfortable and strangely out of place, but put them in some medieval costume, or centuries-old

(Continued overleaf)





Sharif, as the Mongol leader destined to become Genghis Khan, in a scene with Francoise Dorleac, who plays his wife. Left: James Mason as Kan Ling, advisor to the Chinese Emperor.

(Continued)

armour, and they look so at home you wonder if they have ever worn anything else.

In their new picture, *Genghis Khan*, the fascinating, action-packed story of the barbarian who conquered half the world, Boyd and Sharif are in their glory.

Sharif plays the Mongol leader who became the Genghis Khan. Boyd, as a rival leader, is his deadly enemy.

The two actors look perfectly at home in their roles, and the costumes they wear do much to create the atmosphere and paint the picture of the times in which the Genghis Khan lived.

However, it isn't only the stars who get the full treatment when it comes to costumes. Not the

The battle scenes are

Boyd, who plays the Genghis Khan's rival leader, attacks the Khan's wife. Right: Boyd in an exciting fight scene.

least of all the spectacular outfits worn by the host of players are those of the Chinese concubines at the court of the Emperor of China. The girls who wear these costumes represent many nations, as did the original concubines at the Chinese court in Peking, 800 years ago.

In his search for the spectacular, producer Irving Allen had his concubines flown from all over the world. For instance, Esther Anderson is Jamaican, while Edwina Carroll is Burmese: Lucille Soong comes from China and Yvonne Shima hails from Japan. Other girls come from Germany, India and Britain.

Epic To Be Remembered

The backgrounds for the picture were selected for their beauty and grandeur, while action scenes, such as the battles fought by the Mongol conqueror against the Chinese and Western nations, required thousands of horses and horsemen, together with hundreds of camp followers.

It is the battle sequences that make *Genghis Khan* an epic to be remembered. They are savage and frighteningly realistic.

But the film is not all war and bloodshed. The Mongols were nomadic tribes until Genghis Khan gave them purpose and supplied the energy and military genius to back it. If we believe the Clarke Reynolds-Beverley Cross screenplay, Khan was all for the solidarity of nations, the nations being different tribes. He was a thinking man as well as a conqueror.

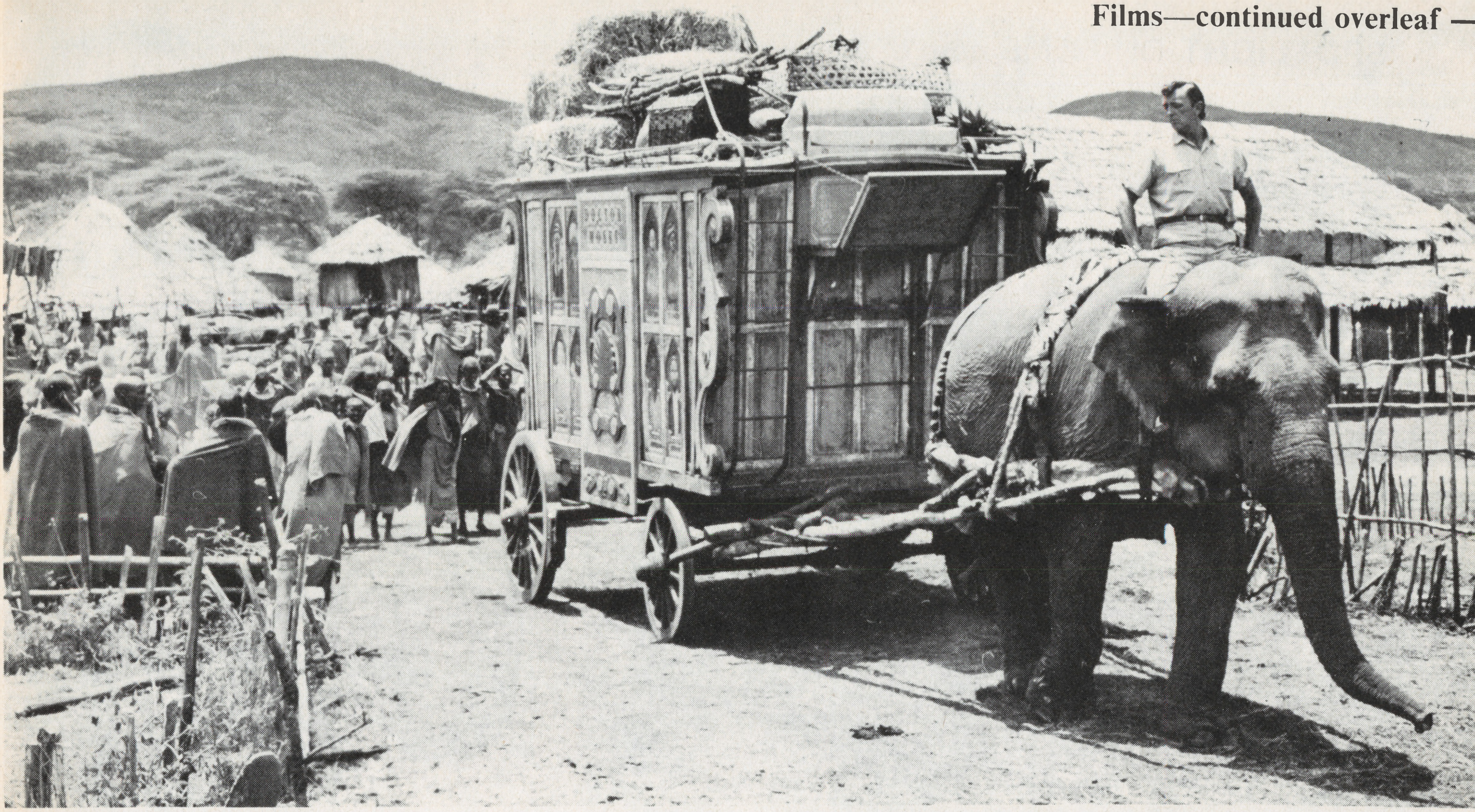
Providing the glamour in the film is Francoise Dorleac, who plays Sharif's wife. She, too, experiences the violence of the world at the time of Genghis Khan . . . Boyd, as the villain, rapes her.

frighteningly realistic

MITCHUM as MISTER MOSES

A likeable crook, Moses poses as a medicine-man while diamond smuggling in Africa.

Films—continued overleaf —



He leads the tribe 300 miles—across Africa.

WHEN he tries, Robert Mitchum can bring tremendous charm to any role he plays, and in *Mister Moses*, his new film with Carroll Baker, he could charm a snake.

In fact, in *Mister Moses*, Mitchum is a bit of a snake himself—but a nice one.

Set in modern Africa, the film tells the story of a good-natured crook (Mitchum, of course!) who specialises in smuggling diamonds. However, he has a clever cover-up—he poses as a medicine man—and it is during his travels across Africa in this guise that he ends up at an isolated village where the tribe has as its guardian a white missionary (Alexander Knox), who is helped by his daughter (Carroll Baker).

It turns out that Mitchum, more intent on smuggling than anything else, couldn't have chosen a worse time to arrive. The tribe is being resettled, but it refuses to be moved by the aeroplanes provided by the local government—until the people decide that Mitchum (who is, after all, called Moses!) has come to lead them to 'the promised land'.

Mitchum won't hear of the idea—until Miss Baker sways him with a little blackmail. She knows that he is a smuggler and threatens to warn the District Commissioner (Ian Bannen) if he does not agree to lead the tribe.

As you can imagine, Mitchum's task is not an easy one. The trek is slow and arduous—but it gives Mitchum and Miss Baker a chance to get to know each other.

Mister Moses is a charming and unusual picture. The story, like the trip across Africa, has many twists and turns.

The journey helps them get to know each other.

The children love their new 'leader'.

Callan and director Michael Winner rehearse a scene.

Terry-Thomas holds his Silver Lady.

YOU MUST BE JOKING!

. . . the rib-tickler with 100 speaking parts

SOONER or later it had to happen . . . a film titled *You Must Be Joking!* Surprisingly though, it's not, as you may imagine, a new *Carry On* venture. Instead, the man behind this star-packed comedy is the London-based American producer, Charles H. Schneer. He's the man who was responsible for *First Men In The Moon* and *Jason And The Argonauts*.

"Ever since I arrived in London, five years ago, I've been waiting for the right opportunity to use some of your brilliant comedians," said Schneer. "I used one, Lionel Jeffries, in *First Men In The Moon* and it was his performance in that film that decided me; a comedy would have to come next."

So the Schneer magic got to work again. Alan Hackney, whose *I'm All Right Jack!* ranks as a classic British comedy, had a new script ready. Schneer loved it and signed up every comedy star he could find. The result is a hilarious film that takes a sharp look at that extraordinary Army institution—the initiative test.

Guest star Terry-Thomas is the psychological officer who prepares a special 48-hour test.

"Now chaps," he tells the contestants, "I want you to imagine the entire country has been completely devastated. It's up to you to rescue a few symbols of the British way of life."

T-T's 'symbolic list' includes: a Silver Lady from a Rolls-Royce; an electric hare from a dog track; a flight of plaster ducks; one Lady Frances MacDonaugh (which, just in case you didn't know, is a flower); and a lock of hair from a female French pop singer!

Just to make the task more difficult, T-T insists all the contestants begin the test from the centre of a maze!

Lionel Jeffries, a kilted Scot who loves whisky and girls (in that order), is first away—via a pole vault. The rich, suave Denholm Elliott hires a helicopter and gives a lift to American USAF Lieutenant Michael Callan and Staff-Sgt. Lee Montague. That leaves poor Sgt. Bernard Cribbens to dig his way out!

Producer Schneer and his young director, Michael Winner, have packed this rib-tickler with more than 100 speaking parts, many of which are played by familiar faces: Wilfrid Hyde White, James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips, Irene Handl, Richard Wattis, Lance Percival, Jon Pertwee, Miles Malleson, Clive Dunn, and Norman Vaughan. There is also plenty of glamour, provided by Gabriella Licudi, a new French actress called Patricia Viterbo and a host of starlets.

What happens to Bernie Cribbens? He spends the entire 48 hours tunnelling in every possible direction but the right one!

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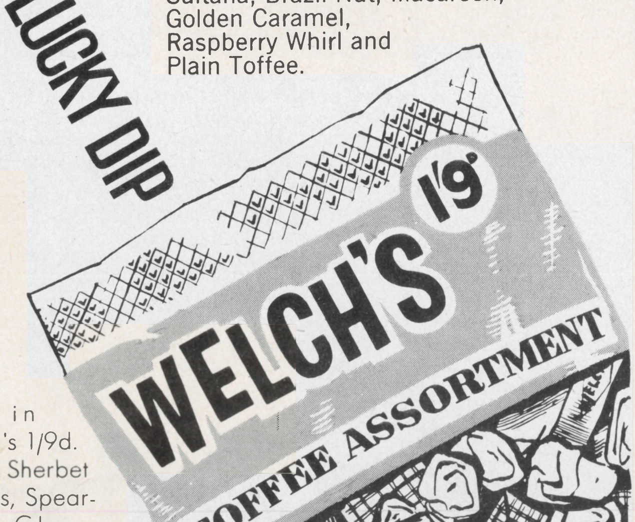

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SARAH VAUGHAN MY HEART SINGS
THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS
SOME BLUE-EYED SOUL

DISC REVIEWS

by Susan Dell

ANYONE who saw the exciting Hal Wallis production, *Becket*, will be delighted to hear about an LP featuring the highlights from the film. The *RCA Victor* album, **Becket,** has been brilliantly adapted from the film. It includes most of the great moments featuring Richard Burton as Becket and Peter O'Toole as his King.

I welcome this LP. Up till now we have been able to buy only music from films, specially recorded speeches and Shakespearian productions. However, there are a number of films that I would love to hear on an LP and I hope this is the first of many.

Both Burton and O'Toole come across magnificently on this album, which also includes John Gielgud. It is a must for all students of drama and the ordinary film-fan who wants to re-live those great moments provided by two of the world's finest actors.

I HAVE long been a fan of Pepe Jaramillio. His *Maria Cha-Cha-Cha*, which came out a couple of years ago, is one of the most original Latin American treatments on record. Now Pepe and his Latin American Orchestra have brought out an LP titled **Pepe At The Movies** (*Parlophone*), and a jolly good album it is! Some of the best songs from recent films are included: *A Certain Smile*, *Gigi*, *The Lawrence Of Arabia Theme*, *Days Of Wine And Roses*, and *Moon River*. Each number sounds as fresh as the day it was written.

YET another album featuring films is **26 Great Film Themes** (*Fontana*) by Gordon Jenkins and his Orchestra and Chorus. The LP certainly gives you value for money, even if the arrangements aren't all that special. The themes include *Lullaby Of Broadway*, *The Way You Look Tonight*, *Over The Rainbow*, *Buttons And Bows*, *Three Coins In A Fountain* and *Gigi*. Mum and Dad will like it.

I DIDN'T care much for the Righteous Brothers' LP **Some Blue-Eyed Soul** (*Pye International*), but I played it to an admirer of their work and she assured me it's a winner. Certainly the boys have impact, as they prove with *My Tears Will Go Away*, *I Just Want To Make Love To You*, *This Little Girl Of Mine*, and *Night Owl*.

SARAH Vaughan's **My Heart Sings** (*Mercury*) is a stylish album. Every song is polished to perfection. Sarah hits each note in an effortless, relaxed way that only a professional with her experience could achieve. The songs include *The House I Live In*, *Our Waltz*, *Eternally*, *My Ideal*, and *Please*. The album is a gem.

THE same can be said of the new LP by that other queen of song, Ella Fitzgerald. The live recording of **Ella At Juan Les Pins** (*Verve Records*) gets off to a swinging start with *Just Sittin' And A Rockin'* and from then on there's not one dull moment as Ella lends her vocal skills to *The Lady Is A Tramp*, *Summertime*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *I've Got You Under My Skin* (the best recording I've ever heard of this song), *How High The Moon* and many other favourites.

Don't ask me to choose between Sarah and Ella—it's impossible!

SONGS **You Won't Forget** (*RCA Victor*) by pianist Peter Nero is an impressive album, but it may be a little too flowery for some tastes. Nevertheless, Nero's style gets the most out of the mixed-bag selection on the LP. I particularly liked his version of *Tender Is The Night*, *Call Me Irresponsible*, *People*, *The Pink Panther Theme*, and *Maria*.

MADE **In Japan** (*Capitol*) by the Benny Goodman Quartet is a delightful LP recorded live during a concert. As usual, the quartet is in great form and numbers like *My Melancholy Baby*, *Memories Of You*, *Goodbye*, *Close Your Eyes*, and *Stompin' At The Savoy* bring the house down. Play this album when you can really settle down and listen to it; these instrumentalists are worthy of your full attention.

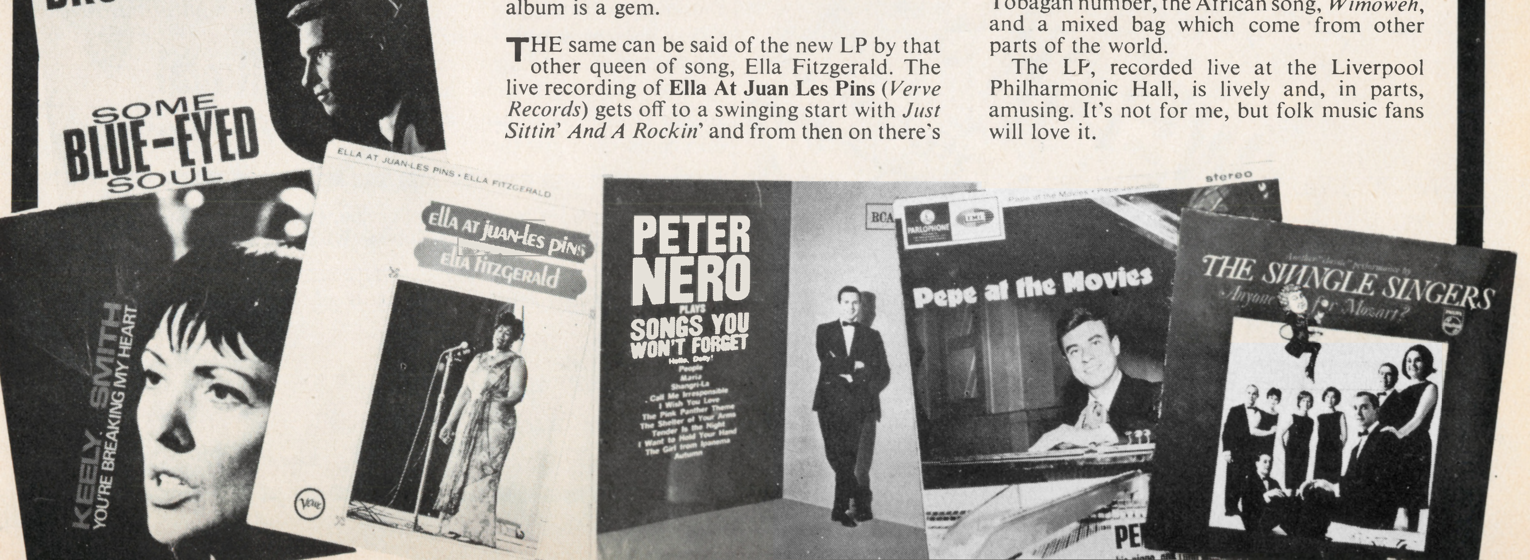
WHAT an infectious singer is Keely Smith. Her new album, **You're Breaking My Heart** (*Reprise*), seems to improve each time I play it. There are some lovely songs on the LP, including *I'll Always Be In Love With You*, *When You Cry*, *Someday*, and *With All My Heart*, and Keely gives each one everything she's got. The orchestrations are a little heavy on some of the tracks, but Keely is strong enough to come through on top.

IF you like your classical music served up in swinging style, splash out and buy an LP that will probably make conservative music lovers wince, but will give you a lot of enjoyment. **Anyone For Mozart?** (*Philips*), features that original French group, The Swingle Singers. Those who heard their first LP for Philips, *Jazz Sebastian Bach*, will know that their speciality is singing sounds to the actual notes written by famous classical composers.

This album includes Mozart's most popular work, *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, sonatas 14 and 15, and other well-known compositions. If you wonder who is responsible for this "new look" classical music, read the credit: *All selections were written by Mozart and arranged by Ward Swingle*. I think that he's done a really great job!

THE **Spinners—More Folk At The Phil** (*Fontana*) includes two Irish songs, a Tobagan number, the African song, *Wimoweh*, and a mixed bag which come from other parts of the world.

The LP, recorded live at the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, is lively and, in parts, amusing. It's not for me, but folk music fans will love it.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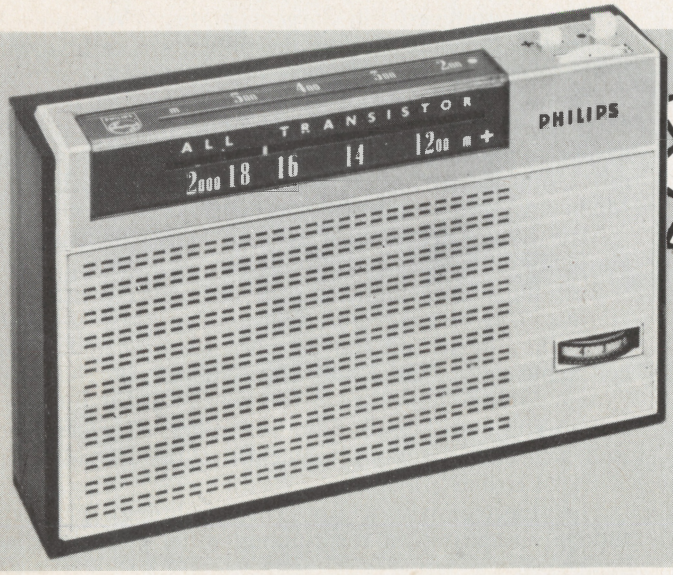

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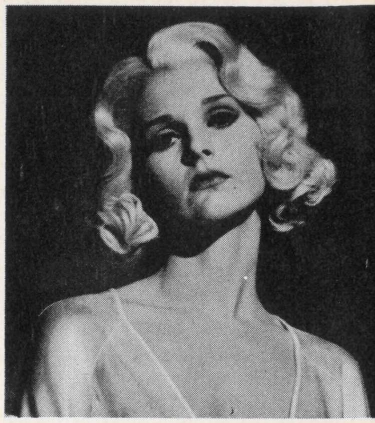
HARLOW

—do these films tell the truth about her?


The real Harlow is one of these

ALL is quiet on the Hollywood front. The explosive on-off-on-off-on Jean Harlow film battle is finally over. Result? Two films about the legendary Jean, both bearing the same title: *Harlow*. But there all similarity ends.

The key production, of course, is the huge multi-million-dollar blockbuster produced by Ole King *Carpetbagger* himself, Joe Levine—in colour and with a cast of international stars.

●**THIS** JEAN is Joe's very exclusive star-property, Hollywood's first housewifey sex-symbol, Carroll Baker. She plays the kind of Harlow ruthlessly exposed in Irving Shulman's recent biography.

The other film is a new kind of motion-picture—a tele-recorded play almost—made with the Electronovision process of four electronically-operated cameras, used so sucessfully to record Richard Burton's Broadway *Hamlet*.

●**THIS** JEAN is young Carol Lynley. Not such a surprising choice as it may seem, for this ex-child star and model has blossomed into a sophisticated, sensual young woman. And like Miss Baker, she has posed nude for Playboy!

Carroll's producer declares: "We aim to tell the truth, the real truth—as much as we can without going to jail."

Carol's producer, Bill Sargent, states: "We show Miss Harlow as the Jean Harlow the public was in love with. I took my children to see it; that's how good and clean it is."

Casting for the major supporting roles is interesting. Miss Baker has Angela Lansbury and Italy's Raf Vallone as her mother and step-father; Peter Lawford (a case of miscasting, I'd say) as her second husband, Paul Bern; and Michael Connors as her film star love.

Miss Lynley has Ginger Rogers, Barry Sullivan, Hurd Hatfield and Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., in the same roles.

Both films have employed people connected with the real Harlow. Carroll's director, Gordon Douglas, was a messenger boy in the old Hal Roach studios when Jean made her debut in a Laurel and Hardy short; her hair-stylist, Sydney Guilaroff, worked with Jean on all her films.

And Harlow's favourite photographer, Clarence Sinclair Bull, was coaxed out of retirement to shoot special portraits of Carol Lynley.

The Electronovision (or Theatrofilming) production, suddenly appeared in the running when poor Joe Levine

Carroll Baker: Hollywood's first housewifey sex-symbol . . .

actresses. Can you guess which? For answer, see end of feature (P.46)

thought all his rivals had surrendered. Certainly it seemed, only a few months back, as if Joe had a clear field. Other crash-planned Harlow projects—with stars as diverse as Kim Novak, Stella Stevens and unknown Abigail Shelton—had opted out of the race.

But then, a week or so before Joe could start his cameras turning, the Electronovision boys started work. And they won the race for, with their process, they needed only eight days to shoot their film. In a few weeks, it was ready for screening—with Joe's film nowhere near completion!

Whether Britain will ever see Carol Lynley's *Harlow* is still, alas, anyone's guess. But you will definitely be seeing Carroll Baker's. So perhaps, Mr. Levine has really won after all. Either way both films stand to make a lot of money—unusual in cases of rival films on the same subject.

Carol Lynley had to overcome some tough opposition before winning her role. At first Dorothy Provine was set to star. Also considered were Jill St. John, and Method-star Barbara Loden—after she had played a thinly-disguised Marilyn Monroe in Arthur Miller's play, *After The Fall*.

Several years ago, Marilyn was scheduled to play Harlow in a screen bio-pic. But it never left the shelf. Ironically, Jean and Marilyn had a lot in common. Both became sex-symbol legends in their own lifetimes, and were psychologically hurt because it was sex and not acting ability which made them so important.

Both had poor educations . . . marriages of convenience at 16 (to escape schools or orphanages) . . . problematical mothers . . . immensely difficult personal lives. Both were discovered by Ben Lyon . . . memorised *risque* replies for

Continued on page 46

Harlow meets the Press. A scene from the Baker picture.

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DAVE'S DREAM

DAVE CLARK was studying his script when I arrived at the London location for his film, *Catch Us If You Can,* but he put it down when he spotted me and he didn't need much prompting to tell me all about this exciting new step in his career.

"The film means a lot to me," he said earnestly. "It is terribly important that it is a success."

"*A successful picture could give your career a very useful boost*," I commented.

"Maybe," said Dave. "But I don't look on films as something secondary; something to boost my disc sales and help my work as a pop star. I have dreamed of and schemed for a chance in films ever since I can remember. Films have a magic for me. I only hope I have a future in them."

I have thought for a long time that Dave could have a golden future in pictures. It is true, I don't know if he can act. However, he has other virtues that have often proved more important than a great acting ability when it comes to being a successful screen star. He has personality; he is young; he has a good physique; he is good-looking in a rugged, off-beat way and, these days, that is much better than having too-good-to-be-true features which many people do not consider all that exciting for films.

The page that brings you face to face with the top pop stars

"How have your ambitions to do well in films been kept alive over the years?" I asked him when we settled to talk.

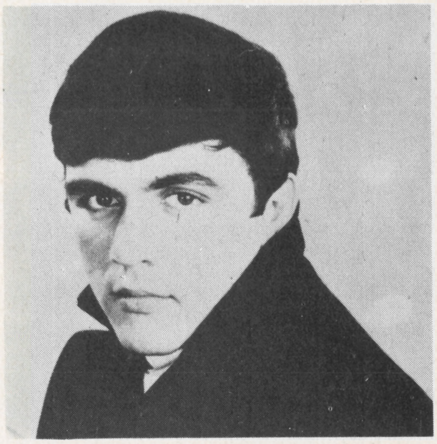
"Largely by my experiences as a film extra and stunt man," Dave said. "I realised long ago I wanted to be a screen actor, and film extra work seemed to be the first rung of the ladder. I shall never forget how miserable I felt when I applied to join the Film Artists' Association (which is for extras), and was told there was a waiting list of six months. It seemed a lifetime, but I just stuck it out at the job I had with a business-transfer firm. My membership finally came through in April, 1962.

"That was the start of a wonderful chapter in my life," he continued. "I had enough laughs to last me for years when I worked with Norman Wisdom in *On The Beat*, in which he played a policeman. I also got a tremendous thrill when the chance came to be in the London Palladium scenes, when Judy Garland was filming *I Could Go On Singing*. And I was as star-struck as any fan when my work as an extra gave me an opportunity to watch Liz Taylor and Richard Burton making *The VIPs*.

"Of course, being an extra didn't help me acting-wise.

THE Dick Tatham COLUMN

'Films have a magic for me—I only hope I have a future in them'



Dave gets a golden opportunity in *Catch Us If You Can*. Now he hopes to appear in other pictures. "I'll work hard to improve my acting," he says. "I'm very ambitious and I don't care how long it takes to make the grade as long as I do. I'm keeping my fingers crossed."

In that respect, I have come into this film as a complete beginner. But just being around while a film is being made is fascinating and you learn a lot. I kept my eyes open all the time and didn't miss a thing."

At that moment Dave was called to the cameras. When he returned I asked him which performances he had enjoyed most as a film-fan; the performances that had, perhaps, played a part in spurring him on? He cupped his chin in his hands and thought carefully. "There was Cary Grant in *North By North-West*," he replied. "I think that film was beautifully done; a highly professional bit of work that made me even more determined to break into films, if only in a small way. Then I enjoyed Yul Brynner in *The Magnificent Seven*—I don't think anyone can forget *that* performance in a hurry. Tony Quinn in *The Guns of Navarone* . . . Terence Stamp in *Billy Budd* . . . Everyone in *Rififi* . . . These are the performances that have meant something to me."

Dave's co-star in *Catch Us If You Can* is Barbara Ferris.

"*How about film people you have met since you came into the business?*"

"There is *one* moment I won't forget," he said. "It was when the boys and I were in Hollywood last year. A cocktail party was thrown for us early one evening and Dean Martin's children were there. They brought a message asking us if we would like to go to Dean's house for dinner. You can imagine, we didn't need a second invitation!

"Well, it was quite an experience meeting the famous Dino. But, imagine the kick we got when, around 11 p.m. and without any warning, in walked Frank Sinatra!

"Don't ask me what we talked about; I was so excited at meeting him the details didn't register. But I *do* recall feeling ten feet tall when Sinatra said he knew about our group and the way we were hitting the American charts. I also remember that he was very polite. He went out of his way to be kind to us."

Dave ordered a couple of Cokes and then spoke about his new film, which is directed by John Boorman. Dave plays a stunt man—which brings back memories of his old days! In the story he meets a girl (played by Barbara Ferris) who is caught up in the commercialism of a national Eat Meat campaign.

He urges her to cut herself free from it. Most of the action takes place on location in Bath, Smithfield Market and on Salisbury Plain.

Yes, there are parts in the film for the rest of the group. But at no time is the action held up for a musical number, although Dave Clark fans will be delighted to hear that the boys have, nevertheless, come up with plenty of music for the sound-track.

"There are more than a dozen numbers," Dave told me. "There should be an LP from these, and let's also hope we have one or two numbers that prove right for release as singles."

We had talked for some time about *Catch Us If You Can*, Dave's *latest* attempt to make the grade in films, but I asked him if he could remember the start of it all; his first work in front of a film camera.

"I'm not likely to forget *that!*" he laughed. "It was in *Vengeance*, starring Anne Heywood. Another boy and I each had a girl and we had to sit and smooch. When I was told this, my face went the colour of a fire engine. Kissing in private was one thing, but to smooch in front of other people was another. However, the other boy didn't seem worried and neither did the girls. '*Come on*,' said the girl I was with. '*Don't be so stuffy*.' After that I didn't feel so bad.

"In fact, I felt very much better at the end of the day. I got £5 basic—plus £5 embarrassment money. To me, that was a fortune!"

IS VIRNA LISI THE GIRL TO TAKE MARILYN'S PLACE?

VIRNA LISI, the girl who was chosen to co-star with Jack Lemmon in his new comedy, *How To Murder Your Wife*, was 20-minutes late for our appointment. But I didn't make anything of it when her Mercedes pulled up outside the hotel and she jumped out, trotted across the terrace and joined me.

You would have to be mad—or a woman—to quibble about 20 measly minutes when it is Miss Lisi who keeps you waiting. One man waited a week.

Anyway, here she was, sitting opposite me—and that was enough to be getting on with. She was wearing a brightly coloured silk blouse and a white skirt. Her lynx eyes were gazing steadily about her and her blonde hair tumbled lazily around her shoulders.

It wasn't difficult to understand why Hollywood was not keen to let her return to her native Italy; Rome might be full of beautiful girls, but they don't often come as beautiful as Virna. Once back, there was no telling what the Italians would do to prevent her from leaving again. Put her in chains? Lock her away in some secluded castle? Just one look at her will tell you anything is possible.

Clever Comedienne

But Virna said: "It's no need for them to worry. I change my hair to blonde from brunette and I am wanted. In America offers they come so many I lose count. So what do I do? I return to Rome to think it all out. But I will go back to America. Italian men they don't please always. They are looking like they never see a girl with blonde hair. In America not so bad, though all men are interested. I enjoy America and I must go back for my career."

Indeed, she must. While she was in Hollywood Miss Lisi won a contract with producer George Axelrod, who gave her the part in *How To Murder Your Wife*. He discovered that, apart from being a great beauty, she is also a clever comedienne.

"Inside a year Virna will be a big name," he says.

He's probably right; Miss Lisi seems tailor-made for stardom. Already many people are predicting she will succeed Marilyn Monroe.

"Many girls have been tipped as the actress most likely to fill the gap left by Marilyn's tragic death," says a studio publicity man. "But none of them has succeeded. They just haven't had what it takes. But this girl is different. She'll become a big comedy star. Yes, as big as Marilyn was . . ."

"I'm ambitious," Miss Lisi told me. "I want to be a big success. Now people know me in Italy . . . in Rome, in Ancona, where I was born. But other places not so good. It will be different soon."

John Webster

VIRNA LISI

STEVE IN A SPIN

-and who can blame him?

> *"It drives me crazy that creative people have to let uncreative people make the decisions"*

STEVE McQUEEN slammed the door of his dressing room and swore under his breath. "If one more thing goes wrong," he groaned, "I'm jumping on my cycle and heading for a place where they never heard the word 'movie' . . ."

An hour later, after a nap and a quick lunch, McQueen sauntered on to the set of *The Cincinnati Kid*, ready for the afternoon's work. His blue eyes were smiling. He was happy once more.

(Continued on page 42)

There's still time to relax: It's party time! After a kiss Steve and his wife, Neile, dance the Watusi.

A TONY CRAWLEY SPECIAL

HELP!

THE BEATLES

DON'T expect me to reveal the whole story. The script of the film (*Beatles II* is all that's printed on the cover) is more closely guarded than John, Paul, George and Ringo. And that's saying something.

And the title? It looks like being *Help*, although with these boys there's no telling. It could be changed the day before the opening. Not that it matters. A title is the last thing the Beatles worry about when they're filming. Remember, Ringo came up with *A Hard Day's Night* only weeks before their debut film was completed.

He provided one of this year's tentative titles, too: *Eight Arms To Hold You*. "Sounded lousy after a day or two," he told me.

George tried to save the day with: *Who's Been Sleeping In My Porridge?*

John, apparently, had been too occupied elsewhere to care. He was

ARE BACK...

busy checking through the final proofs of his latest book and titling that: *A Spaniard In The Works*.

And it was Paul, I gather, who thought of *Where Did The Ringo?* Virtually impossible for even John and Paul to write a song about, perhaps; but the nearest to giving the plot away.

Because . . . somewhere, somehow, sometime, our fearless hero (Ringo, of course!) gets hold of a red ruby sparkler to add to his famous finger-collection of jewellery. Just so happens that this ring belongs to a rather nasty bunch of Oriental thugs. They want it back—and quick. Plus Ringo's mop-head for getting hold of the ring in the first place!

And in the second place . . . there's this power-drunk scientist called Foot, aiming to rule the world, and dispose of Ringo to boot!

Zaniest Sequences

As the plot thickens, the boys are chased from one end of the earth to the other amid the zaniest sequences that Dick Lester has yet dreamed up for one of his naturally Goonish comedies. It's a riot . . .

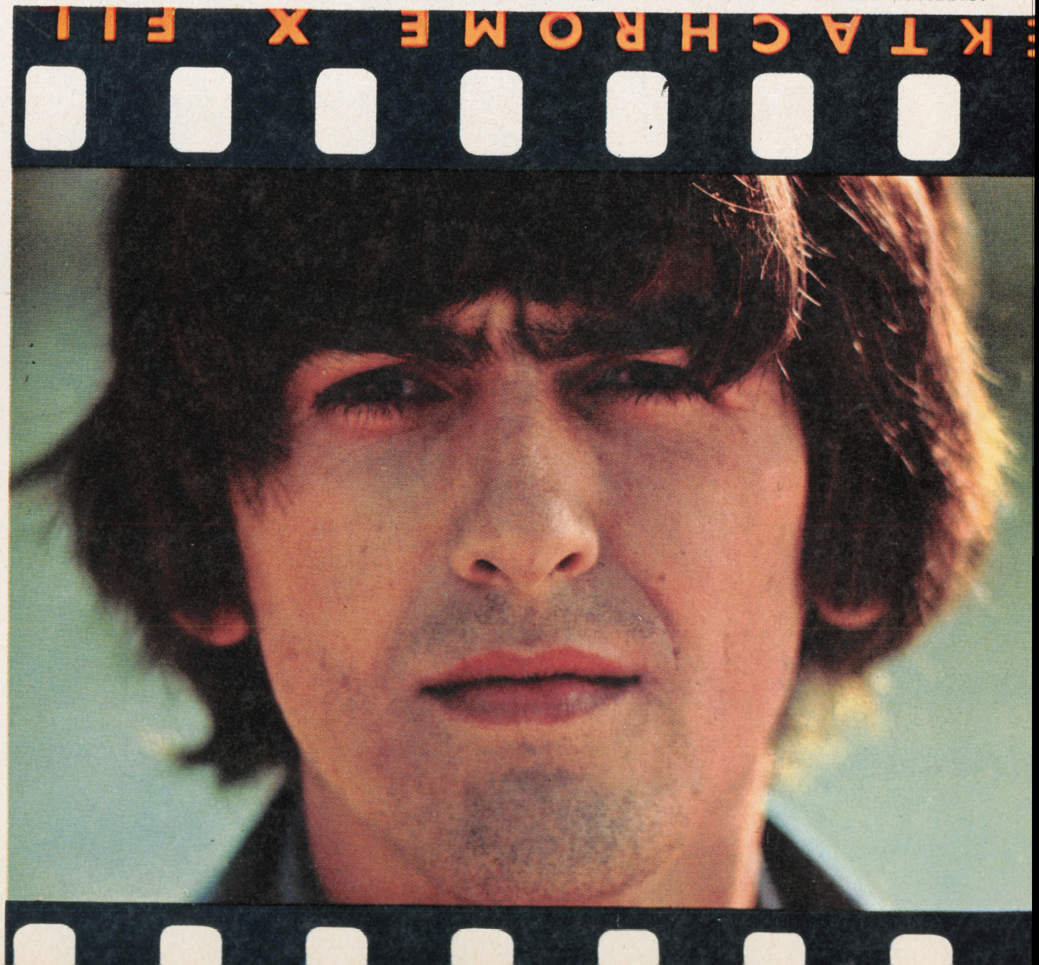
The chase goes from the Austrian Alps, where the boys climb a hill in black-and-white and ski down the other side in gorgeous colour, and where pianos are apt to pop up in the snowy wastes . . . to London and the Beatle-mansion, a fab pad with more gadgets than 007 has seen (George has a bedroom carpet of growing grass, and if fresh milk is needed, there's a cow in the fridge!) . . . over to Salisbury Plain for a lot of manoeuvring . . . and across the Atlantic to the sun-soaked Bahamas, where the ever-baffled Scotland Yard man, Gluck, finds one John, Paul and George and four Ringos!

Understandably then, the film seems set to be another riot of fun. Though completely different in style and concept from *A Hard Day's Night*, as it had to be, of course, to strengthen the film career of the Liverpool lads. Producer Walter Shenson and director Dick Lester retain only one idea—and that is to surround the Beatles with the best comedy talent available.

Eleanor Bron, for instance. In her first film, she's not so much a satirist—more a satanist: the villainous high priestess of the terrible goddess of Kaili. She's partnered in her Beatle-hounding by a very mad Leo McKern—topping his current *Moll Flanders*

(Continued overleaf)

Above: Ringo looks happy—but soon the smile leaves his face. Roy Kinnear (left) looks on.
Below: George had a suggestion for the film's title, but it wasn't considered suitable!



The film is not without glamour—as our picture taken in Bahamas proves!

comedy triumph—as a fanatic by the name of Clang!

Suave Patrick Cargill is the man from the Yard; and Victor Spinetti (the neurotic TV producer in *A Hard Day's Night*) is Foot, with TW3's Roy Kinnear as his partner, Algernon. Frankie Howerd is also involved as the Beatles' elocution teacher—and this role alone indicates the kind of film this is going to be.

Before visiting the Beatles at work, I was told there would be only a handful of fans outside Twickenham Studios. What complete nonsense! I had to fight my way through quite a crowd when I arrived. And their numbers had doubled by lunchtime.

A week or so earlier, when a guard's back was turned, and before the police were making daily patrols outside, some fans clambered over the studio walls and hid away in the dressing-rooms, grabbing whatever Beatle-souvenirs came their way—including poor George. With a few minutes off from the set, he walked straight into them. He's lucky to be alive!

Producer Shenson has a variety of secret plans to deal with fans. He knows the price of failure! One night he let Paul borrow his Rolls to ride home in. As the chauffeur turned the car out of the gates, the fans saw Paul and almost wrecked the car.

For the rest of the filming, Shenson had to use a "mini" to get to his Belgravia home—once the Imperial Russian Embassy. "Now I know why Paul leaves his Aston Martin behind him," he commented.

Heavily Disguised . . .

Still, I doubt if even the faithful would have recognised their four idols the day I joined them. They were all heavily disguised: all except Paul were wearing rather splendid beards. Paul made do with a grey moustache and horn-rimmed specs.

Ringo was very much like his pre-Beatle self with a small black beard—very natty. George had long side boards, and his hair re-parted in an alarming fashion. John looked a country yokel, beneath a huge brown beard, an old brown coat down to his ankles, fingerless gloves and bottle-end glasses. "Help!" he kept saying. "I Can't see . . . !"

This scene will get a load of laughs, I'm sure. But it's very factual as far as the Beatles are concerned. They cheerfully admitted to me that they often resort to disguise in order to walk freely about London or any other major city.

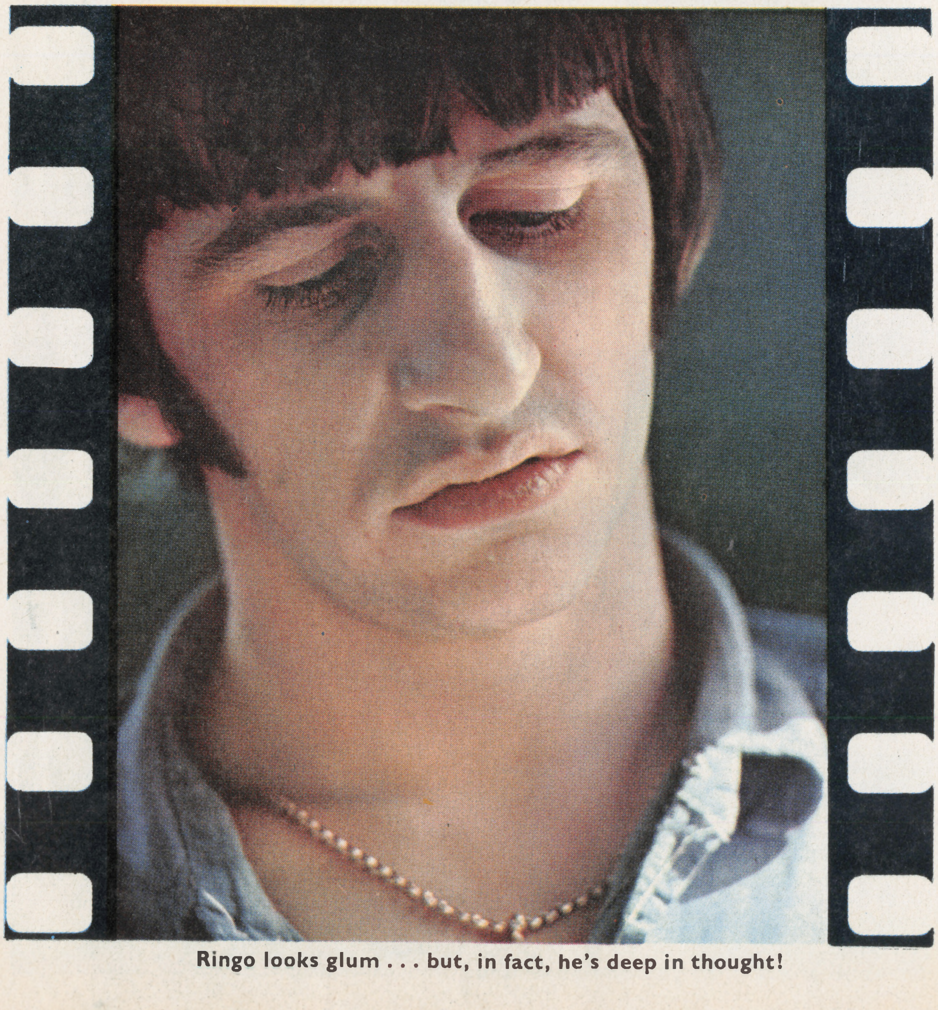
Patting his false beard into shape, and lighting the inevitable cigarette, Ringo explained: "Paul and I first tried it when we went on holiday to the Virgin Isles last year. We wore hats, glasses, moustaches and so on. We thought it would do the trick. Didn't work, though.

"At Luton Airport, an official

(Continued overleaf)

George, Ringo, Paul and John relax with the film's female star, Eleanor Bron.

Frankie Howerd also stars—as an elocution teacher.



Ringo looks glum . . . but, in fact, he's deep in thought!

tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'We'll see you through OK, Ringo!'

"But we know what to do now. And Paul has one disguise which fools the rest of us. He put it on one afternoon, joined us in a room and—honestly—none of us knew him!"

Paul smiled through his grey 'tash, and took up the tale: "I made it up in order to go shopping at Harrods last Christmas. It's just a moustache, tinted glasses, hair under a hat, and, most important, a Cockney accent. Works a treat!

"Trouble is, the confidence thing. You can never actually believe you're getting away with it. So you're looking around all the time. Then the other people look back, of course. That's it, you think. Rumbled! Isn't so, really. They're probably just thinking: 'Who's that crazy-looking nit?' "

"We're Scared Stiff!"

As his three cohorts cheerfully admit, it was Ringo who stole the first film. Not surprising then to find him at the centre of events in *Help!*—based on a Marc (*Charade*) Behm script, originally offered to Peter Sellers, and now brushed up Beatlewise by playwright Charles Wood. I asked Ringo how he found filming the second time around.

"Still very new," he admitted, as frank as ever. "I mean, just because we've been through it once before, it doesn't make things easier. We feel the same as we did this time last year—scared stiff!

"You see, it is a completely different kind of film from our first. *A Hard Day's Night* was like a documentary—'film-journalism', Dick Lester called it. You know, two days of our lives, and very nearly the real truth about what happens to us. This one is a real film, pure fiction. One big, wonderful chase. Everyone is after me—thugs and villains. And the three lads are trying to save me all the time."

With that, Ringo smartly nipped away for a minute. John drily commented: "A man has got to do what he's got to do when he's got to do it!" George was missing too, momentarily. Up went the cry: "Where's fun-loving George?"

However, all four far-from-familiar-looking Beatles were soon back on the set, smoking furiously and drinking various concoctions served up by road-manager Mal Evans, as they rehearsed a typically nutty scene at London Airport with officials called by the script "The Airport Cheeries".

The boys sat on their cases, as they rolled along the baggage conveyor belt, with the Cheeries coming and going, issuing and stamping tickets,

(Continued on page 32)

Why does the only girl in the world use SUNSILK?

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HELP! continued

(from page 30)

Help! Yes, that's the film's title ..

and speaking their lines in a madly gay reported speech manner.

"This is terrific!" yelled Paul, slipping off his case at the end of the ride. " 'Marvellous,' said the firm but somewhat kind and shrewd Beatle," added John.

The film had its days of high tension though. Take just two of them. The Day of the Tigress . . . and The Day of the Artist . . .

The Bengali Tigress was a boisterous two-year-old from Scarborough Zoo. Sheba by name. Unpredictable by nature. "At the most energetic phase of her life," said the keeper, standing by with a loaded safari gun at the ready. No point in taking chances!

New Found Pet . . .

In the great tradition of movie-heroes, Ringo faces Sheba . . . alone . . . in an empty wine-cellar. "I had to say my lines with her pacing about just three feet away," he told me.

The three other Beatles weren't much help when they joined him and his new-found pet. They had to sit well out of reach, perched on a handy ledge to sing . . . wait for it . . . Beethoven's 9th Symphony!

The Day of The Artist was when Gerald Scarfe came to the studio. Scarfe is very vitriolic when it comes to cartoons. (Witness his *Private Eye* work). An American magazine commissioned him to 'do' the Beatles, and they agreed, if they could approve the drawing. So there he was at the studio, asking if he could show it to them. People like Dick Lester took one look at it and pleaded: "Not now. Later—much later, please! '

Other Beatle-protectors seemed fearful of the group's reaction. When Scarfe eventually unfurled the world on the floor, John did likewise—throwing himself down in a fit of laughter. Ringo and George stayed silent. Paul joined John in ecstatic hysterics.

"You'll approve it?" sighed Scarfe. "We'll do more than that, we'll autograph it," chorused the Beatles. And they did, Ringo adding a long arrow from his mark to indicate which of the four he was.

The film had begun in the Bahamas, not far from where 007 and Co. later worked.

Nassau has a police force, so that was all right, fan-wise. But Austria's ski-resort of Obertauren, in Salzburg, has not. "And the place was too small to call the military in," quipped Shenson. Worst trouble there was a water-stoppage. "Had to clean my teeth in coke," said Paul.

Wherever they went, the World's Press followed hard on their heels. And, as usual, the Beatles were in good form at their various Press conferences. Here are two highlights from one such conference in Austria:

Q: Did you know Salzburg is the home of Mozart?

John: Oh, is he here, too?

Q: How often do you go to your hairdresser?

Ringo: We don't. He comes to us!

However, their screen-hairdresser is a woman—Betty Glascow, back by Beatle-demand after working on their other film.

"I could have made a fortune from that one, if I'd answered all the requests I had for hair-clippings," she said. "But I'm interested only in being a good hairdresser."

And with the fairly inevitable success of their second film, I think Betty and her favourite customers will be working together in the studios for some years to come yet.

They have one more film to make for Walter Shenson; then many more for their manager's new company. The first is a whacky Western from Richard Condon's novel, *A Talent For Loving*. Whacky? Well, the Injuns save the settlers from the Cavalry!

Third American Tour

But first it's back to America—their third tour and another million dollars or so—to sing their new film's numbers. They recorded 11 in all, six being finally chosen, including two penned by George, who has a contract with John and Paul's company, Northern Songs. Like George, Ringo is a stockholder. "Why not?" he says. "Seems a safe firm."

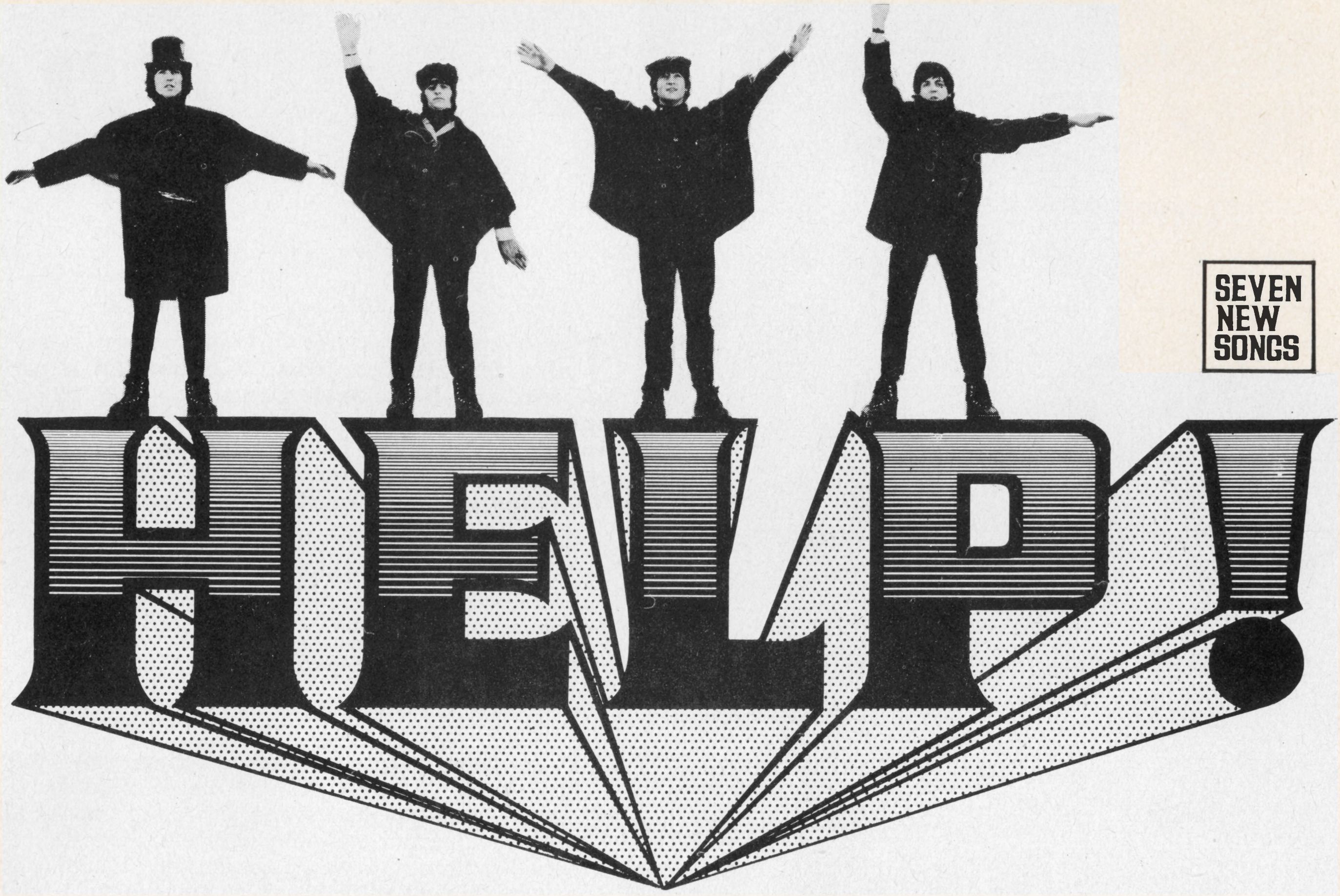
Last month the boys were singing in Spanish bull-rings, and watching bullfights on their days off. "First one makes you sick," reported Ringo.

"The Spaniards grow up with them, of course," said Paul. "Like us with football—or tripe, come to that. Some people can't stand tripe. We always have. But the other day I was offered brains to eat. Brains! Seems a lot of people eat 'em. I couldn't. What, eat some poor little cow's memory and thoughts . . ."

With that thought for the day, I left the Beatles and fought my way back through the bustling fans outside. A policemen told them: "You're too late. They've left by the back way." I didn't dare let on to the fans that there was no back exit!

The day Ringo faced a Bengali tigress — alone!

THE BEATLES



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Kim, as Daniel Defoe's winking and wriggling heroine Moll Flanders—a female *Tom Jones*

Moll and

T*he Amorous Adventures Of Moll Flanders* is the film of a female *Tom Jones*. It began as a project for Mr. and Mrs. Sean Connery—and, to everyone's surprise, finished up as a vehicle for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson! Here, Richard, and some of the other men in Moll's life, talk about Moll—and how Kim Novak brought her to life.

By MARCEL HELLMAN

Veteran producer (he's 67) who has been making films—and stars—since the 30's. He has worked with most of the screen's glamour queens from Elisabeth Bergner to Lauren Bacall. Now Moll *looms as his greatest personal success.*

YES, of course, people are going to compare my Moll with *Tom Jones*. That's only natural. And, of course, Tom's staggering success is the reason I decided to transfer Daniel Defoe's winking and wriggling heroine to the screen.

Actually, though, I was preparing my film long before Tom was thought of. I began planning it back in 1957. With a very different script: not so lusty or bawdy. This is where Tom's success helped us. By the time he hit the screen, censorship and public attitudes had changed, and filmgoers could accept earthy costume-farce.

So I started to re-plan *Moll Flanders* in September, 1963. Director Terence Young became my partner in a new company, Winchester Films, and we started looking for our stars. I already had one in Terry, of course. Not only is he a very close friend of mine, but I'd say he is one of the finest film directors in the world today.

By now, I think everyone knows we first thought of Diane Cilento as Moll—and Sean Connery as Jemmy, her highwayman lover. For various reasons, however, this didn't work out. Not the stars' faults, I should add.

Next we thought of Julie Christie. But she was contracted to the stage and could not be free in time. We even thought of Julie Andrews. Yes, we did. She would have been a different sort of Moll, I grant you. But then there are so many facets to Defoe's character, various actresses would have been suitable for any one of them.

Then it happened! I saw a private screening of the film, *Of Human Bondage*. I didn't think very much of the film as a whole, but Kim Novak was quite tremendous as the Cockney waitress-slut. Before the film had finished, I knew I had found Moll Flanders.

Terence Young agreed, and so we contacted Kim as quickly as possible. She was free, and willing. A very lucky break, because so many of the world's top screen stars are so often tied up with vast schedules. We were doubly lucky with Kim, because she's excellent in the role.

I'm sure she is going to surprise a lot of people, especially those who seem to have forgotten her comedy work in

Me

Four men in Moll's life tell why Kim Novak was perfect for the part

Hollywood. This girl, as well as being so beautiful, has a delicious sense of comedy; I remembered it from her earlier films with Jack Lemmon and James Stewart. She had all the talent, all the style—and looks—required to play Moll.

I also predict a great international future for Richard Johnson—who plays Jemmy. He is already a star in many people's minds—due to his stage work. In films, however, he has had less luck. Until now . . .

The marriage of Kim and Richard was no surprise to me or to anyone who had worked on our film. We saw their romance blossoming. Before the end of the film, we all knew, we could see, they were very much in love with each other.

By JESS CONRAD

Actor-turned-pop-singer who has reverted to acting again. "I make only one record a year for the fan-club." His role in the film: "an 18th Century mod!"

I have been fortunate enough to act with both of Hollywood's major glamour-queens—Carroll Baker and Kim Novak. Whom do I think is the better? Difficult to say. Carroll is the more close and introverted of the two. Kim? She's really one of the boys!

She did all her own stunts, and you had to watch out for her flying fists in some of the fight scenes! I remember in one scene—where I fight with Richard Johnson in a tavern brawl—I had to slide down the bannisters. Kim seemed very interested.

Then, during a break between takes —"Wheeeee!! " That was Kim Novak, that was, trying out the bannisters. Just for fun!

She certainly knows her business, does Kim. If she had to fall on the floor, and show some leg, she'd reveal just enough. Never too much. Never too little. Same with her cleavage!

The whole film was—and I think is —immense fun. Terence Young would get us all in the mood of the era, by making sure we had large lunches, plenty of wines and cigars on the set. Then, when we strolled into action, we felt exactly like the rich, young 18th Century mods we were playing. Well fed. Well drunk. Ready for new mischief. Like playfully sticking our swords into passing sedan-chairs! Who says delinquency is a product of the atom-age?

By TERENCE YOUNG

The man who turned Sean Connery into James Bond—and now Kim into Moll.

We never considered having an American to play one of the most famous female figures in English literature. But Kim was perfect. There can't be any hostility about our choice, because she's so disarmingly good. And she has very little accent trouble —except occasionally with her 'R's. Anyway, nobody speaks English worse than the English . . .!

Kim is a thorough professional and very easy to direct. Also, she's very intelligent. Billy Wilder summed her up very well when he said to me: "If you treat Kim like an adult, she'll behave like one."

By RICHARD JOHNSON

The man who married Kim—Hollywood's No. 1 Bachelor Girl.

I had heard a lot of stories about Kim Novak. The usual sort of thing: "She can't act" and so on. Well, I went to work with no preconceived ideas. And she still surprised me. This girl of mine is a complete and utter professional. She knows the difficult art of film acting better than many so-called stars I've worked with. Stand-offish? Nonsense! Untalented? Ridiculous!

And as we got to know each other better, it was obvious to me that Kim was all I could ever want in a woman —and a wife.

Finally, a word from KIM herself . . .

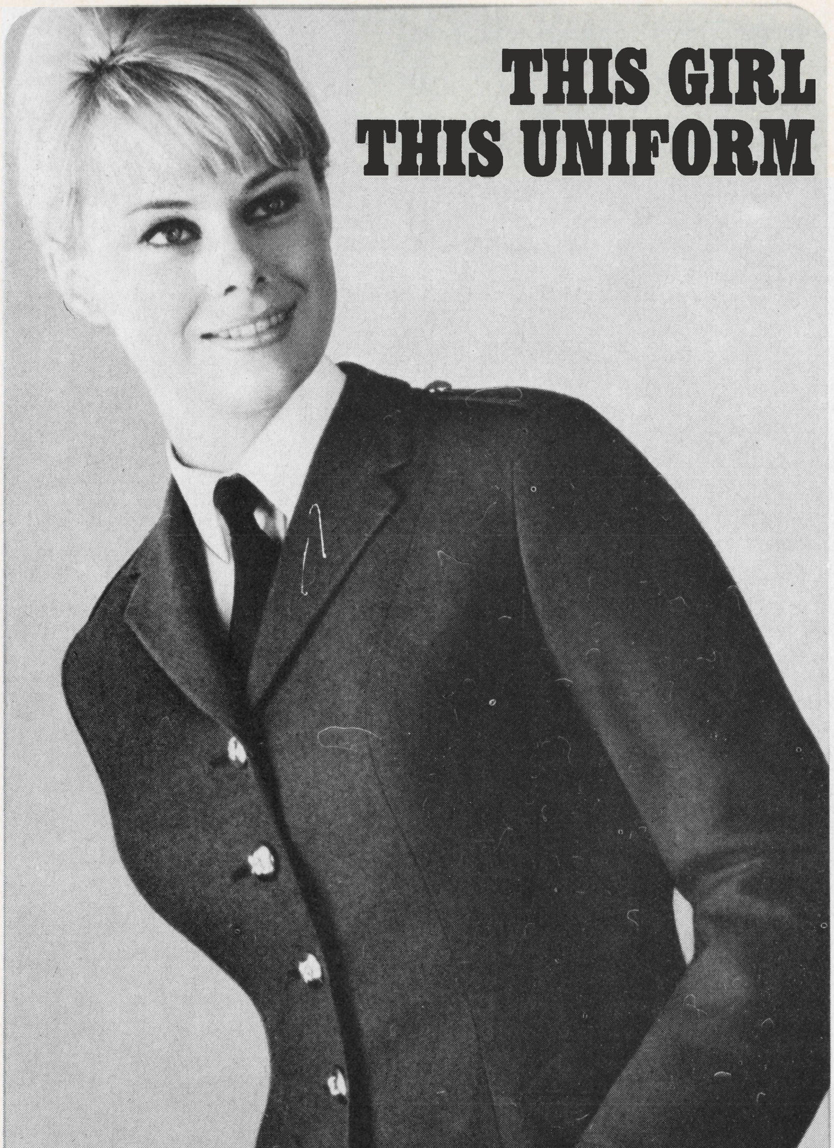
It was Billy Wilder who really convinced me I should play Moll Flanders. He seems to feel I'm very right for comedy. And until lately, in his *Kiss Me, Stupid*, I had not done much comedy since *Phffft!* I played a dumb blonde in that—and got the best reviews I've ever had.

There's a lot of fun in 18th Century England; it was very colourful and bawdy. Also, as far as Moll is concerned, there's a lot of humour involved in the supposed "bad girl" getting into trouble. Basically, Moll is a good person. She gets into trouble because she leads too much with her heart, with her impulses.

The whole film—especially memorable because of Richard—was a ball for me. My part is mainly having fun and romancing. Very enjoyable! Nothing complicated or hard about it . . . except the pinch-waist corsets!

Bad and good days for Moll: Being taken to prison . . . and romancing with handsome Richard Johnson.

THIS GIRL THIS UNIFORM AND A COMPLETELY NEW KIND OF LIFE



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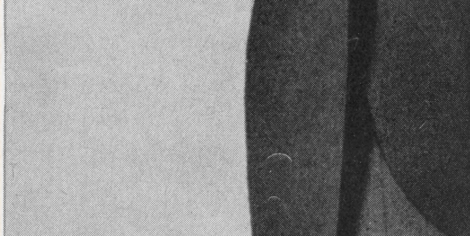

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THE PRENTISS GIRL

(Continued from page 7)

But although she has earned the title of star, the internal disquiet still rages.

"Certainly my temper is bad," Paula says, "but I love my temper. I love extremes. I'll be damned if I know why—certainly at times it's partially just for the effect. But I feel about everything—not just temper but all experiences, emotional or physical—that you'll never get another chance to live through them."

If it would take a seismograph to record the agitations of the Prentiss personality, it would take no less than an altimeter to chart the course of her career. Thrown into a series of comedies, whose quality ranged from tolerable to mediocre, she nonetheless emerged with dazzling notices. Critics compared her to Carole Lombard and Kay Kendall, and at least one reviewer went so far as to suggest the formation of a Society for the Artistic Advancement of Paula Prentiss.

Producer-director Howard Hawks, a man with a Midas touch, evidently spotted the precious metal in Paula when he picked her to co-star with Rock Hudson in *Man's Favourite Sport?* And since then, Paula has really gone forward in leaps and bounds. She made *The World Of Henry Orient* opposite Peter Sellers; *In Harm's Way* with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas; and *What's New, Pussycat?* again with Sellers.

AS SUCCESS SLIPS UP ON HER, PAULA PRENTISS IS, AT 27, SEVEN YEARS OLDER THAN WHEN SHE TOOK THAT WALK INTO LAKE MICHIGAN; BUT AGE HAS NOT GENTLED THE SPONTANEOUS RAGE WHICH TOOK HER THERE. HER TEMPER IS DIRECTED PRIMARILY AT HERSELF, BUT IT HAS ON OCCASIONS ENCOMPASSED HER HUSBAND HER DIRECTORS, HER FRIENDS AND THE HEAVENS THEMSELVES.

One friend remembers a winter day on which Paula, swathed in scarves and coats and sweaters, was strolling in Chicago's park. Deciding she could stand the fierce cold no longer, she stopped, raised her face and fists towards the skies and shrieked furiously, "*Stop it! Stop it!*"

Her temper is not Paula's only excess. Among the others the most noticeable is her appetite. An incipient statistician once recorded a Prentiss breakfast of two orders of scrambled eggs, a double orange juice, half-a-dozen rolls and a glass of milk, topped off with two strawberry tarts. She was observed in one restaurant polishing off three desserts after downing a lunch of ample proportions. While discussing her career in a friend's flat recently, she greedily consumed two bowls of peanuts and mused over the various merits of Mexican, Chinese or German food for dinner. She eats with the joy of a child, although the comparison may be too kind. Her husband, actor Richard Benjamin, has been known to refer to her as Godzilla the Beast.

If Paula's appetite seems sometimes larger than life, so does she. She is 5 ft. 9¼ in. tall, but despite her caloric intake, weighs only 120 lb. As a result, she has a long, coltish model's figure capped by a wonder of a face, all planes and cheek-bones, with huge, deep brown eyes and a mouth that stretches to an incredible width when she laughs.

Her beauty has always puzzled her, and her attitude towards it is as erratic as her temper. When she arrived at university in 1957, after two years at a women's college in Virginia, where she had been voted "Most Beautiful Girl in the Form", she immediately turned frumpish. Friends recall that she stalked about the buildings without make-up or curls, in sweaters down to her knees and knee stockings

Continued overleaf

THE PRENTISS GIRL

(Continued from page 37)

SHE LIVES WITH

down to her ankles. She now admits that the pose was an unbecoming show of vanity.

"IN A WAY IT'S EVEN MORE VAIN TO ASK PEOPLE TO ACCEPT YOU IN SLOPPY CLOTHES AND NO MAKE-UP THAN IF YOU FLAUNT WHATEVER BEAUTY YOU HAVE," PAULA SAYS. "BECAUSE YOU'RE ASKING THEM, REALLY, TO SEE THROUGH THE FAÇADE OF THE DOWDINESS, AND DISCERN THE PRETTINESS BENEATH IT."

Despite her appearance at college, it was her beauty and not her acting ability that interested Hollywood talent scout, Dudley Wilkinson. There are only a few schools which Wilkinson watches constantly. He was making his 1960 check of Paula's when he spotted her doing a scene from *A Hatful Of Rain*.

"I wouldn't have cared if she had not been able to act at all," he says. "She was a personality—vital, real, with a sense of humour."

Around that time M.G.M. needed a tall girl for *Where The Boys Are*.

"We had tall girls," Wilkinson says, "but they were all theatrical, and what we needed was a college type."

THE BIG TIME

Summoned for a screen test, Paula borrowed a dress "from another large economy-size girl" and caught the first flight for Hollywood. Her introduction the following day to producer Pasternak is etched in Paula's mind:—

"I went into this huge office and Mr. Pasternak is a little man, do you know? And he was away down at the other end of the room, and the first thing he said to me was, '*OK take off your . . .*'

"And I thought, '*Well, girl, here it is—the Big Time, the casting-couch bit.*'

"And then he said '*. . . shoes.*' All he wanted was to see how tall I was without heels!"

Four days later Paula was signed to a seven-year contract. After *Where The Boys Are* she appeared in *The Honeymoon Machine*, *Bachelor In Paradise* and *Follow The Boys*. About the last film, Paula is acidic.

"It was a terrible picture," she says. "Nobody would take the responsibility for it. We made it in Europe, and we could just as well have made it on the back lot."

Paula has had her squabbles in Hollywood. Two years ago she was anxious to play the part of Rosalind in a production of *As You Like It*, and the studio was extremely reluctant.

"They just don't want me to do anything," she said. "The studio doesn't want me to do television or anything else where I'm beyond their control. Where a bad performance can hurt and a good one won't help. Where I expose myself for free to the people who will buy cinema tickets."

In the case of her Shakespeare venture, the studio may have been right. The reviews were unsympathetic.

"I've done a couple of forgettable pictures, but that was unforgettable!" snaps Paula. "Still, it's the only chance I had that year to be on the stage, and I don't regret the experience for a moment."

It is evident that, when one of Paula's friends refers to her as "just a nice, normal neurotic", this somehow falls short of a complete explanation of her character. Miss Alvina Krause, the moving force behind the university's drama department until her retirement last year, pin-points Paula a little more clearly.

"I'VE MET TEARS AND TANTRUMS AND TEMPERAMENT IN MANY FORMS IN MY ACTING STUDENTS," SAYS MISS KRAUSE. "BUT NEVER HAVE I KNOWN ANYTHING LIKE PAULA'S ERUPTIONS OF EMOTION. SHE LIVES EVERY MOMENT WITH GREATER INTENSITY THAN DOES THE AVERAGE HUMAN BEING, SO IT IS INEVITABLE THAT HER RESPONSES MUST BE MUCH GREATER THAN LIFE. THERE IS WITHIN PAULA A RICH VEIN OF EMOTIONAL POWER."

Whatever the sources of her emotions, they are not readily apparent in her middle-class background. She and her sister, Ann, who is two years younger and now a TV actress, lived in San Antonio, Houston, as children. Paula's father is a labour-relations man for an oil firm. He came to America from Sicily as a child. Part of Paula's earnings last year went on sending her parents to Europe for a holiday when they visited the Sicilian village of Ragusa.

Paula met Dick Benjamin at university and married him in October, 1961, a little more than a year after her arrival in Hollywood.

"When she came to university, Paula didn't have poise, she didn't have control," a friend says. "She has always needed discipline. Dick held her down and controlled her."

Their problem of adjusting to different levels of achievement is a common one for film couples.

"Paula's fame doesn't affect our real personal feelings," says Benjamin. "Still, although it's possible to rationalise the difference in our careers intellectually, it's not always possible emotionally."

Dick has been known to answer the telephone by saying, "*Mr. Prentiss speaking*," and Paula was immensely pleased with Rock Hudson during a recent party, when the actor introduced them to everyone as "*Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin*," without explanation. The party itself was an exception in the Benjamin social life. The people who are close to them are actresses and actors who, like Dick, are struggling to achieve the fame Paula already has. The Benjamins make a conscious effort to live simply, as they would if Paula were not a big film-star.

Paula herself is so unused to being a star that before she met Rock Hudson, she went to one of his pictures and sat through it twice, staring at his face.

FEAR OF FAILURE

"I wanted to get his head fixed in my mind so I wouldn't be afraid of him," she says. "I'm so frightened up there in front of the camera or on the stage. It's terrible if anyone sees you fail, yet you deliberately put yourself up there where all those people will see you if you fall down. It's a question of how much you can get away with, like saying to yourself, '*Can I steal something from the supermarket without getting caught?*'

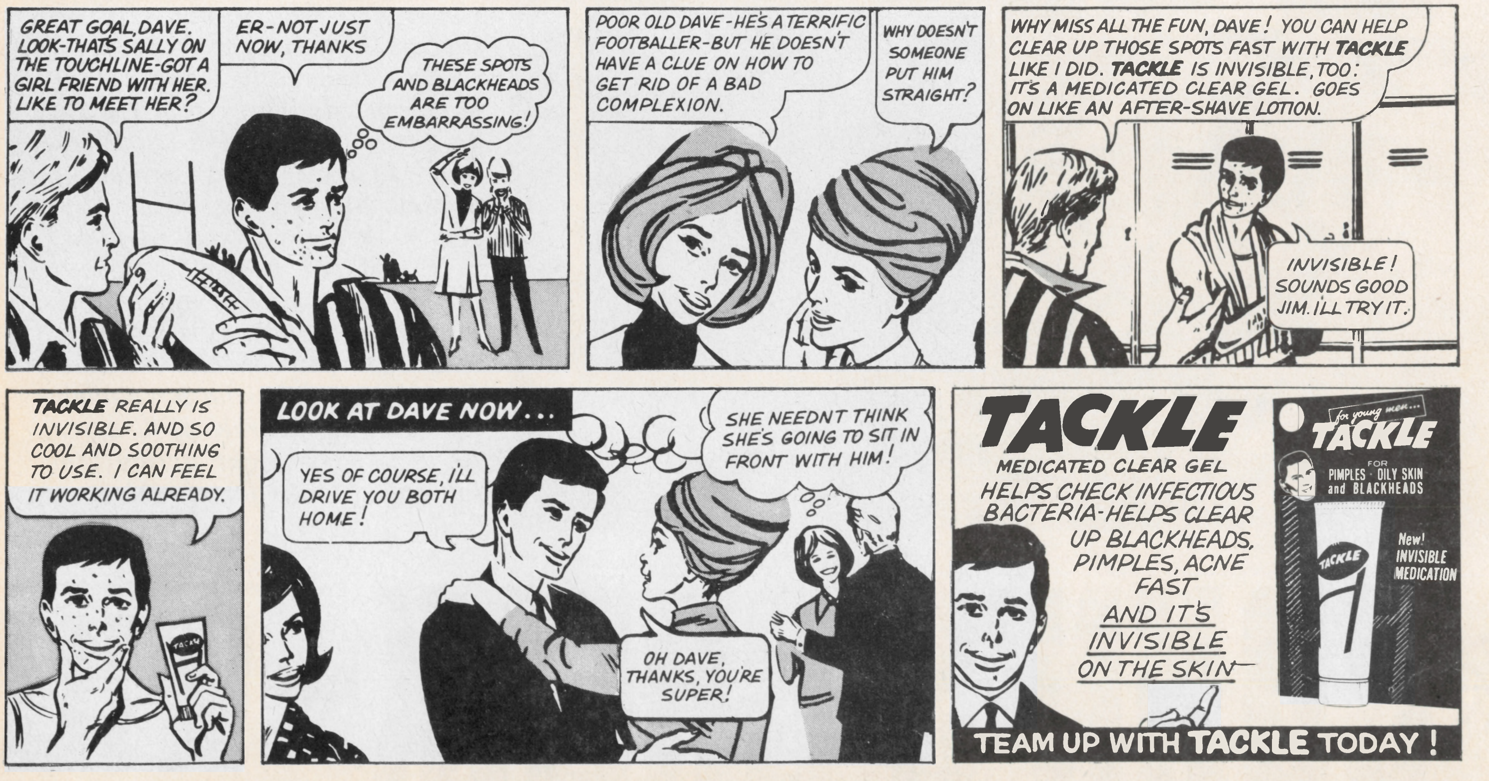
"There's the constant fear that you *will* get caught, that you *won't* get away with it, that you *won't* get the approval of others. Sometimes I'm so afraid that I think I'm going to be sick. I'm constantly hovering between delusions of grandeur and a feeling of extreme incompetence. I'm sure my anger is most often directed at myself, at a simple failure of my own to do well something I want to do well."

It may be that Paula's anger is directed inward. At any rate, her anger certainly was internal when she took that walk in Lake Michigan. And if her circumstances have changed, Paula has not. Not long ago, while some friends were visiting her Hollywood home, she did a repeat of that stroll.

It happened after a domestic argument with Dick. There was no lake handy, but her rage, undaunted by such trivialities, took her tripping into a nearby neighbourhood and there she found a pond which she waded into. For a full five minutes Paula stood there shivering, as she had those years before at university, until her friends managed once more to coax her back to shore.

GREAT INTENSITY

"DATELESS DAVE" CLEARS UP HIS PROBLEM ... the man's way!


GREAT GOAL, DAVE. LOOK-THAT'S SALLY ON THE TOUCHLINE-GOT A GIRL FRIEND WITH HER. LIKE TO MEET HER?
ER-NOT JUST NOW, THANKS
THESE SPOTS AND BLACKHEADS ARE TOO EMBARRASSING!
POOR OLD DAVE-HE'S A TERRIFIC FOOTBALLER-BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE A CLUE ON HOW TO GET RID OF A BAD COMPLEXION.
WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE PUT HIM STRAIGHT?
WHY MISS ALL THE FUN, DAVE! YOU CAN HELP CLEAR UP THOSE SPOTS FAST WITH TACKLE LIKE I DID. TACKLE IS INVISIBLE, TOO: IT'S A MEDICATED CLEAR GEL. GOES ON LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.
INVISIBLE! SOUNDS GOOD JIM. I'LL TRY IT.
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LOOK AT DAVE NOW...
YES OF COURSE, I'LL DRIVE YOU BOTH HOME!
SHE NEEDNT THINK SHE'S GOING TO SIT IN FRONT WITH HIM!
OH DAVE, THANKS, YOU'RE SUPER!
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL
HELPS CHECK INFECTIOUS BACTERIA-HELPS CLEAR UP BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, ACNE FAST
AND IT'S INVISIBLE ON THE SKIN
for young men...
TACKLE
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TEAM UP WITH TACKLE TODAY!

Few pop stars

JOHN LEYTON plays only a small part in Von Ryan's Express *but all his scenes are with those two screen giants, Frank Sinatra and Trevor Howard. And, even if he doesn't get a chance to shine in their presence, the opportunity is a rare one for a boy who had to become a pop star before he could get a chance to act.*

Leyton was an actor before many of today's Top Ten stars were in their early teens; but he didn't get very far. Then it was suggested he should try his luck in the pop world. He thought it a mad idea but, almost in desperation, he decided to give it a chance. The result was a string of songs that hit the charts—and soon he was a name.

You could fill a large address book with the names of singers who have tried to act after *becoming popular through their discs. Sinatra, himself, got his first film chance because of his vocal skill. However, an actor who is virtually forced to make his name through singing is a rarity. And rarer still is the actor who makes his name as a singer and then, because of his success, can return to acting.*

That is exactly what Leyton has done. In The Great Escape *he made a splendid start and now, in* Von Ryan's Express, *he gets another big break. But can he become a star in films?*

It will not be easy. Despite the pictures he has made he is still better known as a pop star. And when you consider the number of pop idols who have tried, with varying degrees of disaster, to turn to straight acting, the job ahead looks formidable.

For Leyton, despite his acting

*JOHN'S BREAK—WILL

have succeeded in making a name in films

experience, it will be even more difficult than it is for most pop stars because, when he says he wants to be a success as an actor, he doesn't mean a 'pop actor.'

What he would really like is to give up singing completely, unless it is an essential part of the film and important to it.

Although Leyton's role in Von Ryan's Express *is not all that important, the production is. Therefore, each role is vital.*

How does he fit into the story? He is the youngest member of a team of officers—headed by Frank Sinatra (as Ryan)—who, having been captured, plan to escape from Italy with hundreds of other prisoners.

"When Ryan is shot down and captured over Italy, his inclination is to ride out his internment and wait for the war to end," explains Sinatra. "The fact that the other prisoners (including Leyton) are busting to break out and get back into the fight strikes Ryan as stupid."

But when Italy surrenders and the Nazis move in, Ryan engineers a mass escape. However, he makes a crucial mistake and the prisoners are soon re-captured. What is more, many men are killed and the survivors christen him 'Von Ryan.'

The film is fast-moving and excitingly directed by Mark Robson. And, small as Leyton's part is, he hasn't been overlooked; several offers have been made since the film came out. In fact, so keen is the interest in him that he has decided to stay in America. Which suggests there is a good chance of him finding there the kind of success he has been after ever since he entered show business.

In *Von Ryan's Express* Johnny's co-stars are Frank Sinatra and Trevor Howard . . . two of the world's most famous actors

Right: Sinatra and Howard give beautifully moulded performances. Leyton helps them in their escape plan. **Below:** Four men with a problem . . . Edward Mulhare, Frank Sinatra, John Leyton and Trevor Howard. Soon the Nazis are at their heels.

IT LEAD TO FILM STARDOM?

STEVE IN A SPIN

(Continued from page 24)

"Steve's a man of many moods," explains his wife, Neile. "He can be as sweet as a lamb one minute and stubborn as a mule the next. Sometimes he'll wake up simply furious in the middle of the night, because he's suddenly remembered something that went wrong the previous day . . . You might call it a delayed reaction!"

Lately, McQueen has had a series of "delayed reactions." During work on *The Cincinnati Kid*, in which he plays a professional poker player, he has been amiable and seemingly happy when on the set. He's joked and swopped stories with co-stars Edward G. Robinson, Karl Malden, Ann-Margret and Tuesday Weld—but in the evening and at lunch time it's been a different story. When he gets a few minutes with nothing to do, McQueen becomes restless and unhappy.

'Restless As Hell'

Says Steve: "Man, there have been so many things bugging me lately. This picture, for instance, has been full of little but irritating problems.

"When I came back from Paris and the premiere of *Love With The Proper Stranger* I was riding on Cloud Nine," he said with a grin, remembering his triumph. "That was last September, and I rushed back to Hollywood to get ready for *Cincinnati Kid*.

"I was pretty damned excited about working with Spencer Tracy, but then, when I returned, it turned out he didn't like the script or something and decided not to do it. As a result the picture was delayed until Mr. Robinson was signed to take over and I was getting restless as hell.

"I had to get out of Hollywood, so I went down to the desert for awhile, rode my motorcycle and tried to stop worrying.

"Finally, the film started with Sam Peckinpah as director. However, he left after a week of shooting and the film was shut down. New writers came in and rewrote the script, and Norman Jewison was signed as director. Then another delay came along when it was decided to shoot the film in colour instead of black-and-white."

The delays infuriated McQueen who had turned down another film because finishing it might have interfered with the start of *Cincinnati Kid*.

"My old lady," he said, referring to Neile, "and I have an agreement that with each film I do, we furnish a room of our house . . ." He frowned and announced: "Well, the living-room's still empty, except for some bookshelves and books."

Ironically, Steve doesn't like to read and claims Neile just put the books there to fill the shelves. The McQueen's £170,000 villa high on a hill is not an inexpensive home to furnish and Steve, a young man who isn't afraid of hard work, still can't understand why some stuffed shirt who knows nothing about making movies, but who knows the intricacies of financing, is actually dictating how and when his films can be made.

"I'm an impatient man," Steve said. "It drives me crazy that creative people always have to let uncreative people make the decisions."

Steve, who likes to think of himself as a "young Spencer Tracy", had looked forward to the challenge of working with his idol and, although he admits "Mr. Robinson's a hell of an actor and a person," it still isn't quite the same.

"Steve's like a little boy," laughs his wife. "He thinks if he works hard and does his best, his dreams are all going to come true. But every day he keeps finding out this isn't strictly true, and it's always so hard for him to accept it."

Jay Ose, the card expert who instructed Steve on the intricacies of card playing, says the actor has "the best poker face I've ever seen."

However, he adds: "Don't let that poker face fool you . . . Steve's a guy who feels things very deeply. He gets hurt more often than people realise. He doesn't have the soul of a gambling man. Beneath the toughness is a very idealistic fellow."

"Steve is torn between being a star and an ordinary man," reveals one of his best friends. "He doesn't pretend to be a great brain or extremely cultured or sophisticated.

"But, on the other hand, no matter how many times he says he doesn't want the Hollywood glamour to rub off on him, it's impossible for it not to. Steve knows this and for some strange reason he feels guilty."

He Isn't Envied

Proof in point is McQueen's new dressing-room trailer which is as lavish as that of any star in the world. The portable structure consists of a huge and expensively-furnished living-room, with an alcove for an office, complete with three phones, a bedroom, kitchen, bathroom and a bar. Electrical gadgets and high-fidelity wiring complete the trailer.

"Steve would make fun if somebody else got a trailer like his," says a studio friend, "but he can't resist it for himself. Just like he couldn't resist that huge mansion he bought.

"None of us who go cycling with Steve have anything like this, and we never will, but we don't envy Steve. That's because he never brags and never makes a show of what he's got. We can accept that Steve has all this coming to him. But he can't!"

As a film tycoon, with his own company participating in each of his films, Steve tries to keep up with tax situations and labour problems. And so life gets more and more complicated for the man who was once a simple lad from Missouri.

Very Frustrating

As he often says these days: "I've got a worry for every hour of the day . . ." When *Cincinnati Kid* finally resumed shooting, Steve felt that once again things were beginning to work the way he planned. As soon as he finished the film he would head for Europe for *The Day Of The Champion*, and then for the Orient to do *The Sand Pebbles*, and then hurry back to Hollywood for *Nevada Smith*. Now, however, things have been switched and he'll do *Nevada Smith* after *Champion*.

"They're going to have a monsoon or a typhoon or some damn thing in the Orient," he complains. "We've had to postpone *The Sand Pebbles* for a while."

For Steve it's all very frustrating, but he knows he's got to keep his head or he'll do something silly. "When I was a kid learning what acting was all about," he says, "I used to take gambles all the time. I would take impossible chances—and win.

"But now I'm 33 and it's easier to play things slow and cautious and think everything out. The stakes in show business are high and a guy's got to be a complete fool to make his move without thinking long and hard about it.

"My main trouble is I'm not a guy who likes thinking—I like *doing!*"

McQueen may have a poker face—but his often-troubled eyes give away a man who knows it's much easier to lose than win.

TERRY FARROW

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Steve lets off steam at a Hollywood night club.

SHOWTIME PORTRAIT GALLERY

Carroll Baker and Robert Mitchum who star in *Mister Moses*

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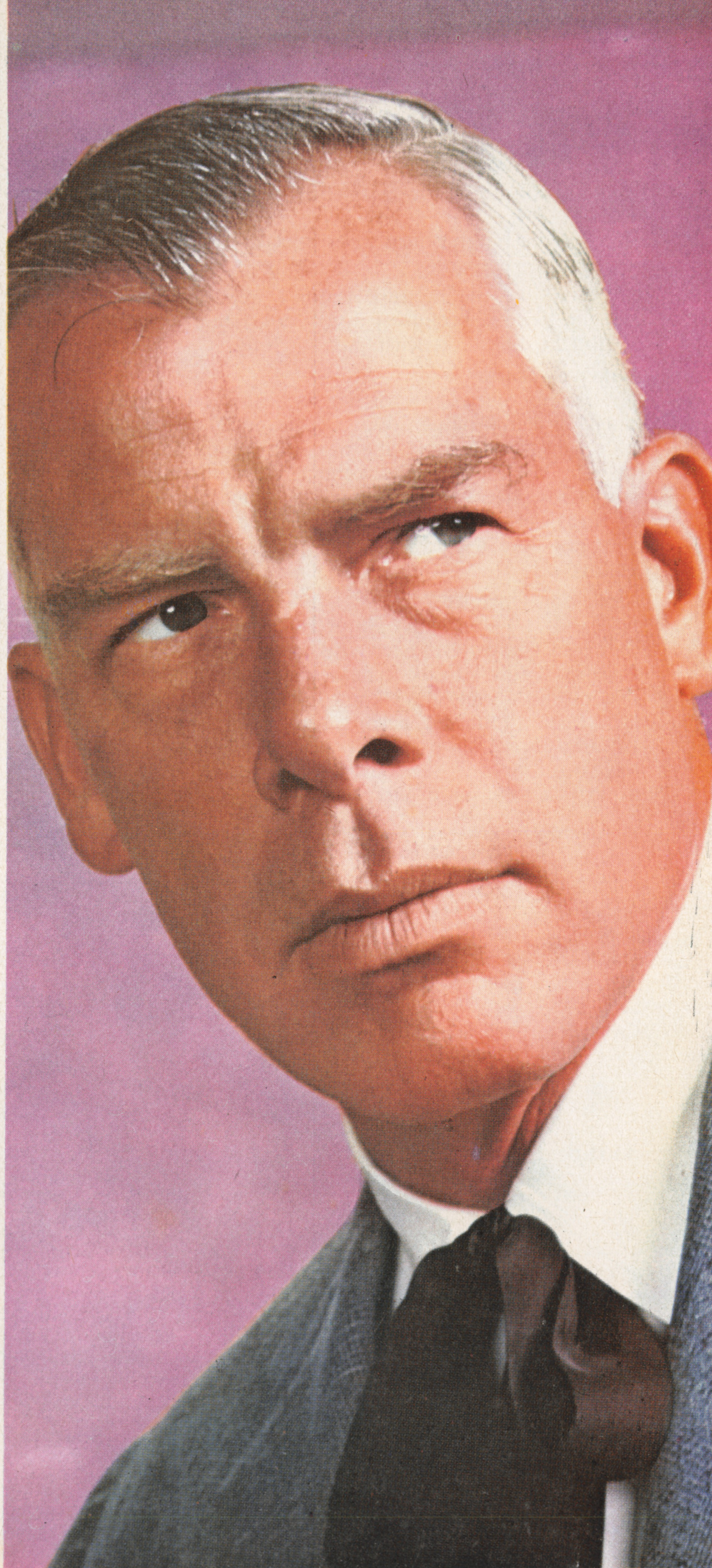

Frank Sinatra
who stars in
Von Ryan's Express

Lee Marvin
who stars in
Ship Of Fools

HARLOW: Continued from page 19.

Press Conferences . . . co-starred in their last film with Clark Gable . . . and both died in tragic circumstances.

Only their vital statistics were different. Harlow's 34-24-35 could hardly match Monroe's voluptuous 39-24-37 figure.

The question all Hollywood is asking today is: Who will play Marilyn in the Monroe life story? Because, like Harlow, it has to happen—and soon, while all film-fans are keen to see biographical films once more.

Harlow on Harlow:

"Men like me because I don't wear a brassiere. And women like me because I don't look like a girl who would steal a husband. At least, not for long."

Baker on Harlow:

"I have compassion for her because she was very lonely; only her romantic vanity drove her on. Her life was like an old Hollywood script! She was not a good actress, but she had great charm and a wonderful toughness. By today's standards, her looks would no longer be accepted. Her features were gross, and she had a large face and a bad nose. I'm not like Harlow at all. I'm happily married with children."

Lynley on Harlow:

"I didn't know much about Harlow when I accepted the part and I had never seen any of her films. When I played Harlow I didn't think it necessary to dig into her life and find out all about her. I knew from the script that she must have been a lonely, generous, sad and complex woman, but I didn't consciously think I must play Harlow as she must have been, or look like she looked. It was just Lynley playing a part—a jolly good part, too!"

Picture quiz: The real Jean Harlow is centre. Carol Lynley is left, Carroll Baker, right.

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Katrina and the Stars

ARIES

22nd March to 20th April

A good time for thinking in terms of your future and making constructive plans. The first fourteen days of August mark a period when your judgment will be better than usual and your ability to get on with other people is enhanced.

TAURUS

21st April to 21st May

The dominant planet in your solarscope for the month is Mars, and thus you are warned against using aggressive tactics in your social dealings and business affairs. However, Mars will also give you extra energy to help you straighten out problems and face up to obstacles.

GEMINI

22nd May to 21st June

This promises to be your happiest month of the year, with accent on holidays and just enjoying yourself. The more you surround yourself with people who know how to relax, the happier you will be.

CANCER

22nd June to 23rd July

This month constitutes a period when your renowned intuition should be at its zenith. You will instinctively know what others are thinking and planning, for you will have the knack of seeing beyond the recognised limit. Home interests should bring much happiness.

LEO

24th July to 23rd August

Planetary aspects over your natal month urge that you should cast aside old emotions, turn away from old ideas and look to tomorrow rather than into the past. Financial windfalls are possible.

VIRGO

24th August to 23rd September

Venus is prominent in your solar horoscope throughout this month, and there are fine aspects for romance, travel, family and home matters. Money will cease to be a problem.

LIBRA

24th September to 23rd October

August will begin in a flurry of excitement and energy, and you feel that this excess of stamina has to be put to good account. After the 20th, Mars will enter your solar 2nd House which rules your capacity to earn money, and you should then increase your income.

SCORPIO

24th October to 22nd November

You could experience emotional upsets in your marriage and business partnerships during August, for there is planetary emphasis on domestic affairs that isn't the best.

SAGITTARIUS

23rd November to 22nd December

This is YOUR month, and no mistake. Happy days are on the agenda, and a hope you have long cherished can now bloom and bear fruit. Your entire outlook over August will be gay and optimistic, and there seems very little to bother you.

CAPRICORN

23rd December to 20th January

You may not begin this month in a very good mood, and there can be a feeling of inner tension. Guard your health now, and don't permit the nagging of others to undermine your aims in life. By the 10th, however, you should have overcome this nervousness.

AQUARIUS

21st January to 19th February

A month which has brightness and shadow in several respects. There could be lost opportunities, but you will not stay depressed for long. Financially, you can't go wrong.

PISCES

20th February to 21st March

This is a favourable month for making progress in the things of life that have special meaning for you. The second and third weeks are good for business affairs, and making new plans. Heed advice from a loved one.

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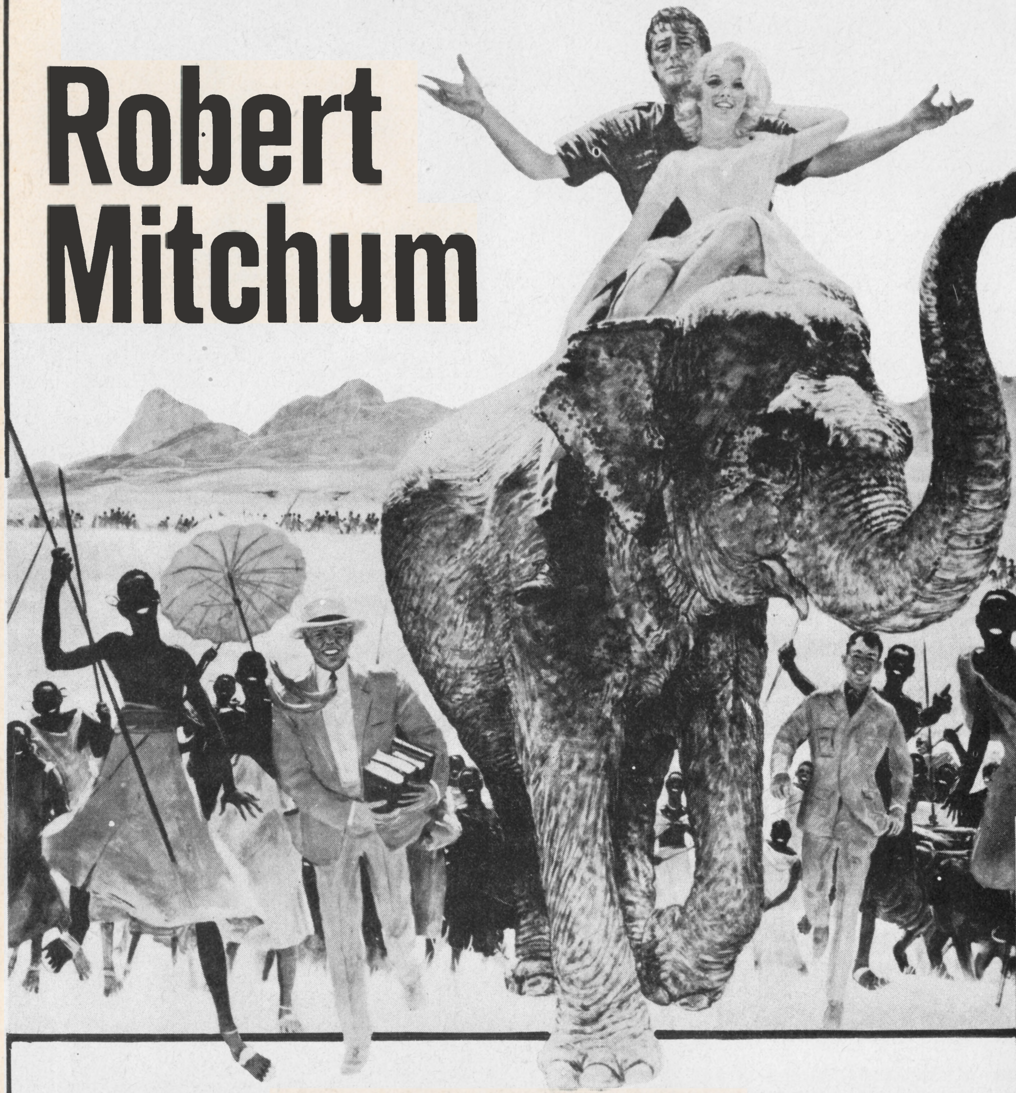

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